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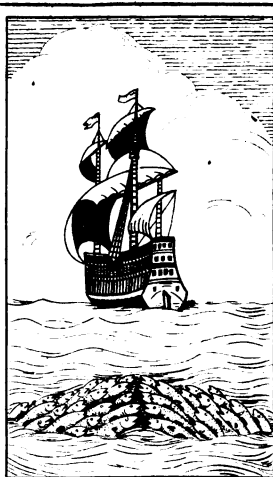
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THE HIDDEN HAPPINESS

THE HIDDEN HAPPINESS

BY

Stephen Berrien Stanton



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THE HIDDEN HAPPINESS

JOY'S NEUTRALITY

HAPPINESS, if staked on anything yet to come, is indefinitely deferred. Not happy now, there is little chance you ever will be. For happiness lies not in possession but in relation—objects and events have no hedonistic color in themselves but only such as is adventitiously lent them. It lies not in having this or that, but in this or that attitude toward what we have—therefore of inward rather than of outward attainment. Derive happiness from yourself, not from conditions. There is nothing with or without which we are likely to be any happier. Indeed, once we recognize sorrow and joy to be only different relationships

THE HIDDEN HAPPINESS

with the same ultimate truth of things, we shall be more impartial in our welcome even to these, knowing that both, because enlarging experience, lay the basis for a fuller and better-founded happiness. Life is insolvent if there need any future item to make it balance: daily should we be able to draw a line beneath its accounts and close them.

Experience more and more prefers the bonded security of fact to the mere equities of expectation. The untried look to the hazard of new fortune, the trained seek only to make safe; the novice clamors for admission, the initiate casts about for escape. There is plenty of room—in the background. Safety and hope are blessings found at the bottom of the scale, not at the top. Even penalties if deserved give, like all natural con-

JOY'S NEUTRALITY

sequences, something of satisfaction. Every ditch of despair throws up a dike of protection.

Our own shadow beclouds the way. When things cease to matter, they become interesting in themselves. We are proof against fate, once we can regard ourselves impersonally. Equanimity has no stake in outcome; the unhurried, the unworried are willing to take consequences. The only peace is to look at the world without anxious thought as to our part in it. Everything is either unattainable or, if attainable, untenable; so why should we care? Gratification is a truce, but to be happy without is the final philosophic triumph.

Against every conceivable contingency, we insure our possessions—happiness, the priceless possession, is left at risk. In countless ways we provide

THE HIDDEN HAPPINESS

for the future—the one effective provision we neglect. A hap, a mishap, and we are undone. Upon what many conditions beyond our control is not peace of mind dependent! Unwarranted preferences make us vulnerable; our will, unless in accord with the will of things, necessarily leads to discomfiture. The one safeguard of felicity is a love of life per se. Given the human heart and the common lot, and, presto! a conjuror's wonder-kit of joy. One's confidence in the future is born of the gradual realization how little he requires, and that only the ordinary, therefore the assured. As we grow older our prayers are clothed in more general terms because general conditions suffice us. My pride is in the paucity of my requirements.

To be tired of life argues some departure from the first principles of

JOY'S NEUTRALITY

living. Nothing objectively, everything subjectively, is worth while. There would be no dull plodding had we not lost perception. Why seek a dissociated rather than an immanent joy; why derive joy from an adventitious supply instead of at its perennial source? We have but to drill to the omnipresent waters of gladness to transform any desert of duty into a garden of joy. The most uncongenial of topics, if admitted to the hearthstone of attention, prove entertaining guests. Grief falls like the descending night that extinguishes the garish detail of day and brings out the dark mountains of beauty in the background.

Felicity is not a favor, a windfall, a caprice of fortune, but a birthright: in wholesome activities, in right thinking, in normal living, is its income

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punctually paid over. The unconditional occasion of the gift bears witness to the democracy of its intent. Identical with the refuge and recourse of disappointed hopes is the utmost attainment of the worldly successful. What money could add, the acquirement of it abstracts; and objects whose enjoyment demands possession are ever a source of pain. Only give me a place at the fireside of good cheer, and all the cold brilliance of ambition cannot tempt me away.

AMBITION

THE first principle of morality is that reward comes by law and not by luck. Inevitable consequence is the true eschatology; the natural outcome of our acts is the only reward and punishment to which we should look forward. It is no more needful to seek the one than it is possible to avert the other—both follow automatically their causes. Anxiety, haste, ambition are but so many forms of the craze after “something for nothing.” Why desire preferment over others, unless better? And if we are, how naturally it comes about.

Fortune can give us nothing unless in fulfilment of our powers. To “get

THE HIDDEN HAPPINESS

what is coming to us" is to get the utmost not only that can be given but that we are capable of receiving. What does not come deservedly is not worth having; the whole world is less to me than my work in it. We seldom envy men the inward reward of their lives—nor an outward one that is wholly discriminating. However much we appear to triumph, our opponent overcomes us simply by being right. Reputations are unavailing if we are not their equal. When unworthily filled, offices are emptied of honor: disqualification only drags them down to its level instead of lifting us up to theirs. No demerit can really win.

The wish to employ powers to their full is noble; but the wish to exceed our fellows, either in what we have or in what we are—how is that other

AMBITION

than mean? Nor let us think to aggrandize ourselves by belittling others: detraction reflects less credit on perception than discredit on disposition. The need of the world is for disinterested participants. By its very nature ambition is unsocial, for it could be gratified only by a prevailing inferiority—which, unless we are demigods, is undesirable. Rather let us rejoice at the world's high standard of excellence, rendering distinction increasingly difficult. Democracy that submerges us in the mass also universalizes the golden mean; so that, while it may be harder to succeed, it is more comfortable for those who do not. Privilege, even from the standpoint of happiness, is not to be wished—involving, as it does, isolation and the unhappy contact with the less fortunate. Wealth leads but a lack-

THE HIDDEN HAPPINESS

lustre existence, and amid what loneliness must not fame often nurse its renown.

Through the inequalities of fate every one receives an equivalent. Our dissimilarity not only invites our differences of lot but makes them suitable as well. To covet is evidence of disqualification. If Providence has bestowed on you a thoughtful or cautious nature, it will award you the pleasures of thought, the fruits of caution; but it will not also award you the prizes of action and of daring—these are in justice reserved for the active and the daring. Why wish for yourself the reply made by life only to another kind of demand upon it? The tide returns because it has first gone out. Would you have effect follow cause in your case other than in accordance with the nature of things? So, too,

AMBITION

regarding the response received from mankind: how foolish to expect one not in conformity with the qualities we show it. Men who conduct its public affairs obtain its offices of political preferment; who manage its business interests, wealth; who further its spiritual welfare, affection and enduring remembrance. To be ourselves, it is necessary to pay the price of all that others are or have, and it is well spent.

To the worthy of them, all things inevitably because automatically come. What fate awaits us in a future life is wholly a matter of compatibility. We speak of differences of conduct as if they were merely in degree, instead of, as is actually the case, in kind and implying such differences of character behind them as necessarily to entail a diversity in consummation.

THE HIDDEN HAPPINESS

To thoughts and acts not in harmony with it, heaven could not possibly accrue; whereas from such as are, it could not possibly be withheld. Hell is an unhappy mind.

Instead of being, as is thought, conducive to its ends, ambition defeats them; the search for success diverts from the intrinsic aims of living, therefore from the most likely avenues to it. Our failures are due to seeking the incident rather than that to which it is incident; we are surest of the main chance when it is not our main object. Only when we do not hear the noise of the day are we heard above it. Worldly people have least to do with moulding the world. It is the very abandonment of ambition that fulfils it—we are on the highroad to fame when we turn our back upon it. Interest carries us

AMBITION

further than self-interest; livelihood or vanity is a weaker incentive than the occupation for its own sake. The thing itself is the reveille to action. These leaders, these captains of activity, these occupants of high position—look not for the ambitious among these; but rather among the failures, the wrecks, the morose eaters of their hearts, at once the votaries and victims of ambition. Competence calls down upon itself the burdens of the world, becoming thereby reluctantly vested with its offices of honor. The great of the earth are not its magnificos but the finely sensitive—of intellect, of soul.

To see the futility of ambition is to take the first step in attainment; if we are ambitious, the only salvation lies in having a large ambition. Distinction is the attitude of indiffer-

THE HIDDEN HAPPINESS

ence to it. Insincerity is an untruth that cannot conceal itself; though art hides art, it cannot dissimulate motive. Everything under the suspicion of affectation is ineffective. We must take ourselves seriously if we would have others take us seriously. Whenever we act radically, in disregard or contravention of rules, we find to our amazement that we have made ourselves masters of them; that we move freely where before we were halt. If there is anything beautiful in us, sincerity will bring it out; but if not, pretense will only make us the more ugly. Let us be content with such measure of success as goes with doing right and keeping well—more or different is of the devil.

The reward of well-doing is such that no other is either necessary or adequate. Work that is not self-

AMBITION

remunerative can never be paid for. Though only success wins, only the effort rewards. The really deserving of help do not need it. Most honorable and agreeable occupations take their pay in what they are. The poetic mood is the poet's sufficient recompense. Congeniality needs no adjunct; if the chair of conditions suits, we ask no cushion of alleviation. To look for praise forfeits the prize—the disinterested doing. We must indeed be small to be full of ourselves. It is a sign of greatness to recognize one's insignificance: it is sublime to be content therewith.

Let us see to it that, in spite of life's unfulfilment, we ourselves are fulfilled. What is accomplished if not our happiness? Considering the inescapable uncertainty of success and of existence itself, the only rational object one

THE HIDDEN HAPPINESS

can have is a manner of living rather than any special outcome of it. Those who seek ulterior ends go on forever; the leech of discontent fastens upon every fresh surface of achievement. The utmost that ambition can give is without it attainable at once; the utmost joy that accomplishment can bestow is derivable from the attempt. So I serve the greatest, let me not care with what personal success; so I be in the great army of advancement, let me not concern myself whether as officer or in the ranks. It is enough to be an instrument majestically played upon that responds. In the crush of event, the glut of attention, the obliteration of memory the world's applause neither counts nor can be counted upon. The only certain success is to do what is a pleasure per se. With a life that fulfils us, we are al-

AMBITION

ways satisfied: if it is of worth, well; if not, at least it is our best and happiest, and doubtless bears fruit elsewhere. No matter what we feed the gaping world of demand, it will turn again and rend us; nothing we accomplish can stop its maw. Envy is an icicle that forms only on the sunny side of fortune. The train of ambition never draws up to a terminal but arrives only at way stations. At the goal of effort new rivalry arises, and among the fortune-favored there are still distinctions that keep covetousness busy. Jealousy survives with nothing to feed it.

Let us take life in the rhythm in which it is written, giving to each note its right emphasis and due stop. We avail ourselves of the ease and pleasure of everything that we do in its natural order and as it seasonably

THE HIDDEN HAPPINESS

suggests itself, and so avoid waste of energy, distraction, and distress of soul. To accelerate natural sequences is to meddle with them, whereby a lesser, albeit quicker, result is uneconomically arrived at. Fundamental processes go on within us which intervention interrupts. All great things come without forcing when they will. The leisurely will of the universe admonishes man's impatience.

Essentials are not to be had only at precise times and places, but are constant and universal. Nothing can be of great importance that is not assured. The moment's importunacy is a cheat, and each day shows us what deception yesterday practised upon us. What causes us to hurry cannot be worth it, otherwise we should not have to; anxiety is an exaggerated sense of size. The things

AMBITION

we take for granted—these are the things of vital concern. The creator has not left our fulfilment in doubt any more than that of the rest of his creation. A favorable outcome, within if not without, awaits all who do right; the fate of goodness is never in jeopardy.

Remember, all is law. It governs every little act of life—every success, every failure. Things happen according to principles which we can put ourselves in accord with and win, or go counter to and lose. Control then thy destiny by obedience to them. I have no wish other than that of the universe—why should I?

THE ETERNAL BULWARKS

WE march to victory only under the banner of eagerness and to the music of gladness.

✓ Around all large emprise shines a morning of hope, upon it play dreams of infinite meaning. As the body toward light, so the soul toward joy: the very constitution of mind and body predetermines morality toward happiness. Life on a basis of mere duty is meaningless; only joy explains it. Hedonists may be mistaken as to means, but stoics and puritans are mistaken as to end. Sorrow and pain and heaviness are *pro tanto* death. Every instinct, every law, every reason, every expediency calls upon us to flee such negations,

THE ETERNAL BULWARKS

to return to the affirmatives of life—to find somewhere, anywhere, joy and delight. Only what enlivens advances; we are restored through our play. A little enthusiasm kindles spiritual conflagrations.

Natural laws are self-enforcing and automatically punitive. To violate law is to learn its value; wrong avenges itself by disclosing its unreason. Set in the very make-up of body and soul are the moral sanctions, where readiest of utterance and most convincing: coextensive with existence is their scope. Selfishness, ambition, pleasure, spiritual aspiration, all make the same demand upon us to right living—first with exhortation, then with remonstrance. Nature enacts no law without penal clause.

Health is the nearest approach to the disembodied spirit. The mind

THE HIDDEN HAPPINESS

lives in the body's forgetfulness—hence death is its great chance. Physical equilibrium has its counterpart in spiritual equanimity. Far less sensual is the robust enjoyment of life than the pinched mind of asceticism or the intrusive invalidism of disrepair; only by keeping the machinery smooth-running can we silence it. How often among the sick or aged, where we had looked for an accession of spirituality, have we been disappointed to find only a querulous consciousness of ailments. It becomes a spiritual matter how we house the spirit; no imaginative power, no æsthetic attainment but condescends in requirements to mere hygiene—we are conditioned in the exercise of our genius quite as much physically as intellectually. As health may be expressed in higher or lower terms,

THE ETERNAL BULWARKS

those of the body or those of the mind, so also is cure either psychic or in the field of *materia medica*, according to the avenue of approach. "This kind comes not forth save by fasting and prayer." What the creative mind revisits it revitalizes; hence its curative power. "Healthy body if healthy mind" is as true as its more quoted converse. My indisposition is an affair of my inadequate philosophy.

Righteousness is a path instinctively found by all forth-stepping feet. If we but took life in its fresh due-and-timeliness, we should not continually have to eat its stale bread of duty. Struggle, sacrifice, effort, these are but the brief requisites before peace, fulfilment, ease can have their perfect way—therefore only provisional virtues. The atti-

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tude of morality is that of immaturity. As children later in life find the cautions and commands of parents confirmed by experience, so we come to recognize in moral dictates the rationale of existence. We are not really moral until we do right from unmoral motives. Sin consists in the exclusion of things infinitely more attractive than itself: "Wherefore we must keep them before us." When we arrive at eternal reasons, we move surely and at ease. Precarious in the storms of life are all mere preventives; passions are a watercourse for which every road must allow and against the freshets of which buttresses must be strengthened and bridges built high. Only intrinsic motives are cogent.

No faiths are acceptable without æsthetic indorsement; beauty is the most moving form of truth. Matu-

THE ETERNAL BULWARKS

rity places its repugnance to evil, its preference for good, more and more upon grounds of refinement and taste. Until we feel the appeal we do not perceive the meaning; in the crystal globe of beauty are seen hidden verities. Not science but painting reveals nature to us, and gives us the key to its long-unappreciated phases. One cannot wing words with infinity except by an appeal to the imagination. The similes and metaphors of language open sluices of universal meaning and let in a larger tide of truth.

We do not sufficiently realize the strength of our salvation. The ascendancy of good is an affair of its greater vitality. Might makes right because right makes might; evil, though intrenched, is defenseless. Both in the case of individuals and

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of peoples, deterioration of conduct and diminution of physical strength are found to be interdependent; it is the most vigorous nations that lead the spiritual advance. The social order is itself the irrefutable argument for optimism: the fact that the world in self-fulfilment has ranged itself on the side of truth and justice proves these to be in the majority and prevailing.

Civilization is the gradual burning-through of the sun of righteousness. In the churches the fact, in the world the effect; the further we move away from Christ's times, the closer we approach his truth. In measuring the hold of religion upon mankind it must be remembered that the spiritual is more many-voiced than formerly; men do not feel religion less, but find it more universally. The

THE ETERNAL BULWARKS

power, the beauty of the Bible, as is the case with all great literature, have been absorbed and taken up into current thought and utterance. By no means synonymous with a decline of Christianity itself is the decline of any particular form of it—on the contrary, therein may be the very proof of continuing vigor. To the extent that men are earnest will they seek not the God of their fathers but the God of to-day: the eternal God is always the living God.

INFLUENCE

ONLY when the tide of life is high can large thoughts get over the bar of our brain and come up into the bay of consciousness. Comprehensiveness of sight is a matter of the commanding point of view, to find and keep which is therefore the whole struggle. We have merely to make sure that ideals are lofty; the rest matters little, because an inevitable sequel. The love of God is the first and great commandment. There is a plane of life we reach only by attaining a certain level in ourselves—when we step effortlessly forth. Men are like mountains that through mere elevation breathe a rarefied air. Knowing the

INFLUENCE

force of precedent and example, how careful should we be whence we draw them. The infectiousness of companionship is an argument both pro and con. When we cut ourselves off from the sky, we look only into our ceiling.

Beware the belittling influence. In the permissive atmosphere of congeniality the aspirations of life expand and find expression. But among those satisfied with things as they are, in whose face the dawn of no coming day shines, the hand of effort drops powerless, the imaginative wing droops strokeless. The progressive are a frontier town through which the troops are continually marching, passing onward to the front; a high alpine vantage-point from which energy is forever pressing onward to summits of attainment. Nearly any

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✓ occupation or mode of life is justifiable that keeps us alert and large-visioned; no other, in fact, is. How can we be Greeks if house-bound and care-manacled? By books, by music, by nature and society, by pictures and travel, by every imaginative companionship at command, let us fight the confinements of life and keep the soul at large. The need, imperative to all, varies for each: that is ours which sets us thinking.

Only idealistic means can carry us into the idealistic ranges; we cannot for inspiration depend upon the world about us. Before every scene of the beautiful is it for us to set up the easel of contemplation. Art lets us enter where conditions keep us out. I, in my little cell of life, may live its infinity.

The pervasive influences are, like

INFLUENCE

the air, unperceived save in effect. Unassertive standards enforce themselves mercilessly; to err with impunity fills us with misgivings. Terrible are the silent codes. The true constable is convention.

Influence is continuous suggestion. When our eyes are on the wrong persons, we lay stress upon the wrong values. The overshadowing danger of modern life is contamination. Let us flee our foul municipalities, the fearsome contagion of crowded man. The world is bearable only to those who are combating its vulgarity—or escape it.

The first of requirements is to live where only the best and most beautiful make demand upon us; there is our place of opportunity, our post of duty. We should choose for environment one that fills us so full with good

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that there is no room left for the bad. The glory of the creative arts is that they confirm the finer things of life, making them seem both natural and necessary. Through inward contact with the noble we are panoplied against the ignoble—enabled, indeed, to transmute it. Let us listen only to the great voices—the greatest of which is silence, wherein speaks greatness itself. We are mariners who, if we but hold to the track of favoring trades, surely make port but, if we fall away, are becalmed and perish of stagnation.

BLOCKADE

MANY are the beings in us that are never born; many the lives beating their wings against our bars, seeking a freedom we forbid. Until some enthusiasm asserts us, we do not realize how partially, how timidly we have lived. No longer let us keep self under lock and key, niggardly doling it out; but freely out-give it that at last we may attain full size.

The unemployment of faculties in any quarter brings misery and distress in its train; not only political but spiritual economy finds in full employment a prerequisite to welfare. The inactive soul atrophies; lack of demand the more clearly shows

THE HIDDEN HAPPINESS

need. We are "used up" not by what uses us, but by what wastes us; variety of work makes us untiring, even as we never weary of nature's green.

Time brings fulfilment only to such as fill time full: there need be no fear of outcome where all our powers are engaged. Whatever mode of life gives play to our largest interests is our proper field; we are cut out for the career that enlists our enthusiasm. If we have been our most we shall have done our best.

The blockade of self on any avenue of utterance blocks at the same time a long line of waiting development; unfulfilled duties and desires keep from us an undreamed happiness beyond. What does not educe, dams up; lack of education is life-imprisonment. Unless we surmount we cannot pass on,

BLOCKADE

but are detained ever on the unhappy side of rebuff. All acts, by creating a new situation and outlook, take us unexpectedly forward, making some former impasse passable. Experience is continually illuminating the dark spots of our philosophy. Few problems reach their solution until some practical reason precipitates it. We need just the push of compulsion fate gives us: left to ourselves, we should shrink from our best fortune.

Through whatever narrowness there may be in one's nature all his generosity has to force its way. The deficiencies of one's experience are reflected in one's philosophy. Any restriction of vision or cowardice of attitude is felt to the remotest borders of our outlook. Only the high-souled have sound judgment; most error is due to some self-limit. Mental ad-

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vance is held back by moral undevelopment. The penalties that overtake faults are usually on avenues collateral thereto—the consequence of some correlative disability; man is a windfall because first weakened. We suffer often for long-forgotten sins.

Let us see to it that nothing good in us goes unexpressed: for every right impulse given effect we gain a thousandfold. Self-enactment increases the surface of susceptibility and throws out advanced lines of contact; it is always on the road to some Damascus of duty that the apparition of truth overtakes us. To encounter the limits we may not pass is to catch sight of the superman, to attain insight into the superhuman.

Stagnation gives life a setback upon its lower plane: we live our lesser simply from starvation of our larger. If

BLOCKADE

we rise on stepping-stones of our dead selves to better things, how much more on those of our living selves. Once begun, tasks get done—without effort, often without intention on our part to do them. Interest and habit carry along—we could not avert the day of fulfilment if we would. The first step sees the next, the next another, and continuation the goal. The moment acquires momentum. One may live so that life becomes increasingly full and enjoyable or so that it becomes lustreless and hateful—we do not realize how the present is passing into that woof of consciousness, the past. Men are their own reward and punishment: the later years are payments for the earlier.

The fashion of our lot, the degree of our fortune, is in the long run tell-tale of character. Who, on judging

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dispassionately, is not amazed how many of his troubles have their origin in himself? Conversely, from what a train of ills does not every act well done, every situation bravely met, save us? All action acquires a moral flavor by reason of its mere physical penalties and rewards. It's a life-and-death matter every moment in the brute world; why not equally so in the spiritual? The cumulative effect of victory and defeat makes even the skirmish momentous. Upon the link now added depends the soundness of the chain. Let us face each day as if it contained for us the great ultimate of dread or desire—as indeed causally it does!

Consequence is a ribbon-road of endlessness; influence is *in perpetuum*. No blade of corn trodden down of carelessness or killed by drought but

BLOCKADE

there are a dozen ears frustrated, a field the less sown next year, a compounded diminution of crop for all time. My deficiency, your default, another's weakness, a fourth's downfall—thus the world's evil; my act of courage, your encouragement, his heroism, every one's heightened ideal—thus the world's uplift. Picture the world's progress were its ignorance, its negligence, its malevolence replaced with their opposites. Let us but sit straight, and straight sit all our fellows. We measure by the standards we most frequently meet with; hence the dangerously influential part played by the man on the street. By discipleship rather than by descent are qualities passed on; books that make impress enjoy a wider circulation than best-sellers. Not upon a carefully contrived campaign do truth and

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justice depend for vindication, but through suggestion and auto-suggestion create a mental atmosphere that naturally accomplishes them. The zeal of fanaticism carries all before it. Whatever finds voice finds ear; and wherever there is an ear, there is a voice. So far-reaching are consequences, so potent ameliorative forces, such the power of example, *quære* whether a single hour's world-wide omission of evil, commission of good, might not anticipate the slow centuries and bring in the millennium forthwith. To us is it given to hasten the great day—or to defer it. Remember, behind us marches an army to whom our halt means blockade.

PROS AND CONS OF COMPANIONSHIP

IT is foolish to part company with the world over trifles and so lose its companionship in large affairs. Compromise avoids, not involves sacrifice. Concede others the manner, and they concede you the substance; by adopting the littleness of their language we enlist their ear to the greatness of our cause. Truth is accepted when presented acceptably—persuasion garbs itself in the fashion. The power of individuality can make itself felt through any conventionality; intent purpose uses the circumstances to hand. Of all means, fighting is the most wasteful. Wake not in your fellow-man the monster that will

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leap out and overwhelm you; but, rather, the beneficent angel that will bless. In our dissent we are an archipelago; in our accord we are a continent.

Between no lives is the relationship so harmonious but that a *modus vivendi* must be arranged. Likeness is a superficial term that all analysis disproves; under every generic similarity lives a dissimilarity of species. The qualities that attract in our companions, being proverbially the opposite of our own, involve further differences that are bound to offend. We assume our excellences in others and think theirs superadded, learning later that these are really substitutional; hence the enthusiasm for new friends, the indifference toward old, and, in marriage, the lack often of a fundamental basis for accord. Only through

PROS AND CONS OF COMPANIONSHIP

suppression of the discordant is peace anywhere possible.

Without tact there can be no safe social contact. Intercourse moves amid live wires of susceptibility of which it must beware. States are founded by generalship, but upheld by statesmanship. We live so close that freedom has to parry and fence for existence; the customs of society are bound to be defensive in character. Lives that lack self-insistence find no refuge short of flight. Where our fellow-man is multiple, he is metropolitan and you need not have to do with him; but where he is few, he is frequent and you must. Our codes of etiquette and decorum are devices whereby those who dislike each other are enabled to get along together, whereby the antagonistic may live together in peace. Politeness is a

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make-believe kindness with a tendency to become genuine: conduct is through courtesy held in position long enough to set. The gracious manners are acquired not by concern as to what others think of us but by taking thought for them.

Human contacts are requisite for spiritual development; the checks and counterchecks of experience fashion us into all-round men. Through our fellows are we formed. Any real participation in another's life enlarges our own. Companionship duplicates us, as a mirror gives us another room without caretaking or rent. In the absence of a social environment, sanity is not safe. Emotions that meet in circumstance no limitation go to extremes; the entanglement of thought in emotion becomes, when inextricable, insanity.

The sympathetic are a refuge and

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stay to their fellows: under the summer air of congeniality we put forth our fulness. To understand is to participate; insight is the highest form of help. We are moons and unaware that our light is reflective. The sensitive feel the need of a medium that gives them back their own warmth. Conducive conditions are part of that self-preservation which is the first law of life.

The need for companionship drives us now to society, now to solitude; all men like company, the only difference being in which of the two they find it. Unless isolation means agreeable intercourse, unless silence means interesting converse, abhorrent are they alike to the meditative and the active. Thought is an elastic that, if not objectively kept extended, snaps back on self; few can stand the void of the impersonal and abstract. The

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circumstances of leisure often render it unprofitable, cessation easily turning into emptiness, so that, wooing life, we embrace death. Introspection is a kind of return to that self-imprisonment from which the senses, with their gift of space, form, and motion, set us free. As spiders spin their web out of nothing save what is within, so are the soul-filled; but the less inspired need for impetus appropriately suggestive surroundings.

Convention looks too far afield for its fellowships; the tap-root of character goes down deep, and finds the waters of sustenance in any human soil. We do not for social intercourse need artificial occasions of "entertainment"; the thing in hand is the true social bond: comradeship is the natural companionship. When friendships have to be "kept up" lest they

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flag, they have outlived their usefulness. Fundamental activities bring fundamental relationships; those of society, being superficial, are bound to be shallow. ✓

Only with humanity in its highest manifestations can there be repaying companionship. On the spiritual heights we breathe a rarefied air, but on the lower levels a material miasma. In art, science, music, literature we have converse with the loftiest there is in man—the lesser contacts are retarding. Through human contacts come our troubles, through spiritual comes the cure. Only the completely developed can afford us complete companionship or are themselves capable of it. The reward of noble living is the company of the noble—which is the veritable communion of saints. ✓

THE TRUMPET OF TO-DAY

INTENTIONS overdraw time's account: we expect too much of our future selves, too little of to-day's. Unless we make these passing moments fulfil us, our case is hopeless. Achievement is the hind-wheel that can never overtake the fore-wheel, purpose. Ambition keeps asking extensions of time, and makes every option on fame run till the day next following death. How scornfully in our else-eagerness we brush aside the moment's good for an imaginary better; for how doubtful a future do we neglect the certain present. Life goes ever rushing on, hastening the very end it would defer.

It is the function of to-day to make

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the past unregrettable. The moment is in time's mouth: not there thoroughly chewed, never wholly assimilated. Those who look too far ahead are bound to collide with the near at hand: regret for the past comes chiefly from not having fully lived it. What is there so much in the future that we should live in anticipation, in the past that we should live in regret? The young look forward, the old look backward, to something which they pass without recognition on the way. Re-live or lengthen life we cannot, but there is still left us to make the present full and complete—of a piece with eternity. We lengthen time by increasing its contents; longevity is not a prolongation of life but its more perfect possession. Fate has made the future so impenetrable, the past so pathetically silent, as if to force

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us to throw ourselves into the present.

Things placed in the future are seldom found there. We think to dwell in memory upon what the moment slights; but the adjourned mood obtains no quorum—no present is so red-blooded but that it pales in the past. To the unfinished task, the broken-off word, we cannot return: the dried ink of thought cannot again be made fluent. Upon our outlook interruption supervenes like a tunnel that snatches from us the scene upon which we were looking. After every winter of interval the paths of our spiritual woodland have to be cleared anew. As the express makes time not so much through greater speed as by fewer stops, so life makes headway only by keeping headway.

If not in a large arena, then in

THE TRUMPET OF TO-DAY

whatsoever place we are, may we put forth whatever of greatness we possess. Here and now is as good as any—better, because without preliminary or delay. All right aims lead to one and the same end, so that there is little preference except for the proximate. We are linemen who may operate from where we chance to be: the wires of communication can be cut at any point and messages sent and received. No moment will ever be more propitious than ~~this from which thou now~~ lookest forward to another; life will never speak more distinctly; it is only a question whether I hear. The best memorandum is to do immediately; the things you were going to take up as soon as time, opportunity, conditions permitted—at once begin them. The moment is a trumpet-call to front forward, to do without delay what we

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should not like death to overtake us and find undone, to be at last the self of our intention. Perfection is attained by not waiting for perfection: some-day is the product of day-by-day.

Successor to what great eras and events is not this our day; scion and survivor of what noble line is not this my soul! Every act, every occasion is so surcharged with association as to become a spiritual episode. We meet the moment with a constantly increasing command. Let us make even the casual contact with our fellow-men vital: wherever there is flowing water there is a green spot. Let us speak and act as if representative of the race, as if a mouthpiece of humanity, an envoy who would give a good impression of his kind. There are men who make it easier

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to believe in divinity: by being god-like ourselves we prove nature to be, if not god-produced, at least god-producing.

THE MARROW OF EXISTENCE

THOUGH we touch life ever more extensively, we do so less and less at first hand. At such remove are education and civilization, man is in danger of losing his antennæ for fact. Through the window of authority some indefinable sense of actuality is lost. Even time is conventionalized, and day no longer knows its true noon. Sophistication seasons the flavor out of life's simples. Our goods are not received but only receipted for. Fed on luxuries, we starve for the staples; the heart is beggared to pay for its exceeding refinement. At exorbitant rates the grand world buys its pleasure—though better quality is to be had in the cheaper markets

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of simplicity. To the unpretentious alone are left the satisfactions of life.

Only what is vital has value; life at second hand is second-rate. Nothing is enjoyed through others' eyes as through our own. Reality is felt only to the touch. Through the usurpation of form, truth is driven into exile. Conventions, occasions, commemorations, rituals so weight us down as to leave the spirit no resiliency. Mankind is forced to a conformity, linked to a uniformity, at which its individual diversity rebels. The substance of conduct shrivels inside the shell of its insincerity. If the spirit were not dead, there were no need of ceremonial to embalm it.

It requires the primitive to re-humanize us. In the normal activities of mankind the early ages still survive. Cooking and farming ever keep the

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race primeval; through contact with children and animals and outdoor nature there is provided a corrective of conventional ossification and a safeguard against it. The rage for grills typifies life's return to its kitchen. Even the dire extremity of war—when men count only as they are fighters, women only as they are knitters and nurses—restores to society many a forgotten virtue.

The age takes over from the past not only the assets but the obligations; by our very advantages are we pauperized. The tax levied by society is larger in burden than is collected in benefit. On how many sides does not the breakdown of civilization call its methods in question. Health has artificially to restore what convenience and comfort cut out: in self-preservation is humanity driven to undo

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its contrivances of ease. Efficiency is a Frankenstein that cowers before its own creation. The subjugated body rebels against the merciless rule of mind, manifesting its revolt in games and sports, gymnasiums and other forms of physical reassertion. To the material occupations and satisfactions from which intellect so carefully set itself free must it for very sanity revert.

Barely, in civilized existence, are the deprivations equalled by alleviations. In the trim grass-plat of propriety we long for the wild spots of natural growth. Our cities are ringed about with their inferiorities as with a wall, and shut in as by a besieging host from country contact. All the magic of modern transportation cannot give back to us what congestion has taken away. We have become

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through the complexities of help subject to new hinderances. Foot-freedom has given place to wheel-bondage; through our very facilities are we enslaved.

The world is overfilled with principles—what it needs is the practice of them. Our progress would be greater were there less anxiety to acquire new knowledge, more to employ the old. The climax of folly is a wisdom which we do not follow. At forty we are the fool and physician both, proficient in a prudence we do not exercise. When it comes to himself, no man can tell; principles change in self-application. The danger of experience is that it fails often to recognize its unsuitableness to new conditions: hence its false sense of safety and temptation's easy lure. Moralists proverbially abound in sentiments that lack pre-

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cipitation in deeds; though principles are sure, their specifications are seldom so—like hunger which, though a reliable instinct, is prone to err at the palate. Wisdom consists almost wholly in its suitable application; better the proximate in time than tardy perfection. Action always calls upon thought for the particulars—hence defines and verifies it; every step forces many decisions. The enactment of all programmes is impeded by the necessity of embodiment in specific measures. There is no calculation so confident but it looks ever anxiously for some lightship of fact to confirm it.

The philosophic attitude toward life elides the very incident that makes life tellable, therefore lacks the narrative faculty. We live the particular despite the generality of its descrip-

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tion; however abstract our speech, we have always some concrete case in mind. This it is that the listener needs as illustration; we crave, in fact as in fiction, an intimate foreground to set off the less known background. Generalization, like every distillation, derives its flavor and virtue from some retention of the crude. The astronomy of events is too large for a lesson; it is their astrology that interests. To-day is the foreground of every outlook. Few men strive for the *grand prix*—still fewer for its own sake. Most inspiration springs from, most great careers are founded on, some personal relationship; hence the vital force of Christianity. The revolution of every one around an individually attractive centre keeps the planetary system of society compact and the firmament of mankind in

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place. We can set up a live standard only by living it; our reaction upon the actual things of existence characterizes us far more than any theory we entertain concerning them. The doers of right are its only convincing preachers. Would we address eternity, we must talk to the age; through homely speech are we universally heard. The parables of Jesus were of local origin, color, and meaning. In the perennial appreciation of Shakespeare, how large a part is played by acquaintance with his times.

Behind all our subtleties of phrase the realities are so simple, and so stern. When will men learn to uncanonize the sanctities into their flesh-and-blood qualities. It is the inherent virtue of things that constitutes their sacredness. Righteousness is the plain, every-day right, inasmuch as God is

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goodness; to be holy is to be healthily human. The reason there is in a divine universe so little sense of the divine presence is that we do not identify God with the best and most beautiful about us; the world needs its pantheism back. The divine fire of the poet is in very truth the burning bush of Jehovah: in the heart and core of the world about us is it already given to artistic perception to "see the king in his beauty." Ecclesiasticism must revert to spiritual relationship, would it survive; the church must come to see that the formal regularity of succession is no substitute for the spiritual regularity through self-consecration, that Christianity has been cast into the world to make its way like all other spiritual forces and—except for a few practical ends—is incapable of definite

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channelling, of organized administration.

The joy of life lies in its perpetual rediscovery. To experiment is to obtain fundamental reasons. Scepticism keeps entering a general denial to existence and at every point putting it to its proof, yet always with the result of deeper confirmation and deepening interest. Every time the parliament of self dissolves and goes to the country it is returned vested with a better-founded sense of will and power.

Experience is the arch-democratizer, emphasizing basic qualities and asserting our common humanity. A man thinks himself exceptional, sacred to himself seem his joys and griefs, only sooner or later to learn with mortification that these are the commonplace of his fellows and his ex-

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perience but that of the generality of mankind. In one way or another the common fate befalls us all: men avoid it here, circumvent it there, finally imagining themselves altogether exempt. But to every human comes at length the human. Whom want cannot reach nor misfortune approach, sorrow and suffering and age at last subjugate. No privilege avails at the hands of the great leveller, Life.

THE ONLEAD OF LIFE

YOUTH stamps its morning on the brow of all it meets. Every incident suggests something larger than itself and is prophetic of a glory yet to come; a sense of boundless possibility, of waiting fulfilment, possesses us. The air comes fresh off dreams and blows toward hope—time moves to a climax. Life is limitation, and history hems; hence youth, that lacks experience, has often the higher seership.

Impressions that are sharp, shape; our vividness is as our vitality. Every great act is the precipitation of clear thought and strong feeling. We must move with a sense of divine omnipotence if we would put forth our

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divine might. The genius scores not so much by overcoming the difficulties that beset others as through not encountering them. Ease is the soul's ether; once it strikes obstruction, the wing of exuberance is broken.

We are custodians of what comes under our special observation. The world is an awakener of what is within us and therein has its value. This be my sole endeavor: to keep steady to the one central fact of my existence and to resist all distractions from its realization. Singleness of heart, unity of purpose, and simplicity of life bring out all there is in us and give us all there is in life. Voices are not vibrant because of diffusion. Most men are mere confederations—let us be unified states. The agog who go out to everything simply float down-stream, but those who make a moral stand form

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islands of stability that stem the flux and force it to eddy round them. How impotent the individual against the mass; to make place for himself amongst its teeming millions, still more to influence them, how impossible-seeming! Yet on earth is there no equal power. Each in isolation producing and projecting the highest within him—this alone counts, either for himself or others, and alone guides destiny. To know definitely what conditions and activities suit us is to have heard the commanding voice of life. The van of progress is led by those whom strong will or special opportunity has permitted the pursuit of their dream.

The imitative has no voice; we must follow our own lines, would we be creative. Freedom and leisure perform aboriginal purposes: the un-

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preoccupied moments are our Patmos. No new growth of character is obtainable unless we restir the soil of its simplicity. The childlikeness of great personalities keeps infinite potentialities open. Lives, however otherwise dull, have moments of transfiguration in which the irradiant self shines out. These are the occasions for which the artist waits, when he catches for his portrait the hidden prototype. These are the occasions when love comes, when discipleship is born, when fealty is pledged.

Personal experience discovers the abstract truth; insight leads us at length to the lands that have long been pointed out to us. We work out the universe by starting with ourselves. Only what we see in its essential nature is capable of comprehension; the orderly mind is one

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that has found the inner pin of connective. No intellectual superstructure suits unless of our own building. We cannot take up life where predecessors left off, but have to re-begin it. The frail philosophies that supported us in youth melt under the sun of experience and plunge us into the cold waters of fact. But the rediscovery of the universe in its special bearing upon oneself is the commencement of effectiveness and, therefore, of happiness. Middle age is strong with mastered passion, chastened illusion, reverified principle, reformed ideal.

Through the lens of disposition energy is centred upon a specific burning-point of efficiency. The focal distance of the mind, as of the eye, is inwardly predetermined. The poet feels a beauty he cannot paint; the

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painter sees a beauty he can never put into words. Not by favoring circumstance so much as by a breaking-through of self are careers opened to us: our true substance crowds out through every crack of opportunity. By its persistent pressure proclivity always finds the weak strand in the cord that binds it. It is uneconomic not to follow idiosyncrasies. Systems of efficiency that fail to allow for the personal equation waste the best that is in us.

Men are their own best avenues to the point all seek. The free-riding, not the duty-driven, speed; things that thwart us yield only the scant return of forced labor. Remember, the difficult things were done by those to whom they were not difficult. In matters that do not appeal to us we cannot compete with men to whom

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they do, and by trying we only lose the opportunity to excel in our own line. The right assignment of activity is half its productiveness. In competition with enthusiasm, perfunctoriness is always at a disadvantage. The whole-souled brush aside the half-hearted—the purposeful override all fussiness of procedure. Oh, why persist in seeking success and happiness where they are denied us, instead of where they are so abundantly offered! Our laurels are won not by the showy affectations on which we plumed ourselves but by the little-regarded traits we could not avoid if we would; success is always a Cinderella. Our utmost along false lines cannot equal our least along the true. It is essentially easier to be great than to be famous.

Early should we retire from our

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disabilities that we may devote ourselves to our abilities. Rather than perfect our partial, let us produce our full. It is our petty economies that crush us: our large expenditures leave us unimpoverished. We dash ourselves to pieces against our minor difficulties. The energy put into our weakness would, if put into our strength, set us on the pinnacle of greatness. We endanger our best by fretting over our worst—correction blocks perfection. The critical become mere menders of mistakes, repairers of what were better replaced. Every creative age of synthesis is followed by a critical age of commentary and analysis that is itself barren.

We wage successfully none but a war of conquest. Compared with courage, what a poor virtue is prudence. If so be we prevail, it will

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not be through the absence of evil but through the presence of our good. Though our merits be few, we identify ourselves with them rather than with our faults, though many; the confidence bred of the former is our leader. Voice your vision, dumb your doubts; where there is a positive, never speak a negative. All things will be forgiven us if only we are sufficiently something else. It is upon the healthy instincts we must rely to cure the morbid: our normal characteristics bring us into those relationships with life that cause the abnormal to slough off. We shall not need to take precautions against ills if we practise a safety that precludes them. Commendation, not condemnation, corrects; the only practicable suppression is supercession. We confine the torrent and protect its banks

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by planting trees along it; so must we channel our passions by strong-rooted growths of interest. There is no strength like the organic.

They say we must take the world as we find it—on the contrary, we have, every man, to make his own. Aims, pursuits, surroundings—these are not matters for expediency to determine, but for temperament. We must cut our objective clothes to our subjective cloth. How variously the same environment speaks to the individual. Conditions congenial to one are anathema to another. If we apply to life the common measure, we wither and come to naught. Each finds in something different a similar satisfaction; the tastes do not vary as much as their expression. Many are the devices for overcoming identical ills. We do not solve life's problems

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alike although we may get the same answers. Principles take different shape in different lives; new faculties, new difficulties frame new issues to be fought out. No task exactly repeats itself. The diversity of method by which we achieve is even greater than that of our achievements. Conformity to codes and conventions calls for a special and differing sacrifice in the case of each individual, for which reason the restrictions and injunctions of law should not exceed the average moral criteria of the community. Every one qualifies to a different standard—hence is every antagonism in reality a battle of standards. Influences are capable only of spiritual measurement. By their peculiar relation to ourselves are the factors of existence to be rated: junctions and points of strateg-

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ical importance are usually in themselves places of unimportance.

With what uniformity of demand does the economic world confront our infinitely varied capacities; what strait-jacket of thought and action does convention impose upon our infinite temperamental variety! Only for those that follow the beaten track is there provision made in the industrial system: give it this or that, or it will none of us. As many a factory or mine is closed, many a field left untilled, for lack of a short haul to market, so is many a man shelved because of his ability's unavailability. Civilization has not yet seen fit to care for its unmarketable excellences; the higher pursuits are for the most part left to the precariousness of self-renunciation or independent means of support.

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We must not judge our truth by its intelligibility to others. Divergence of experience puts impassable gulfs between us. Even the common daylight does not affect us all alike. The special internal economy possessed by each involves an entirely different intake of and outlook upon life. As the senses by their various mechanisms apprehend the same phenomena, yet report them into dissimilar fields of consciousness, so is it with individual differences; there seems to be no relationship between the worlds of sight and of hearing, their phantasmagoria being made up of wholly unlike substance—even so is the imagery of our mental worlds unlike. Below the surface of common experiences and impressions lies a marvellous multiplicity of meaning. Strike the bells of experience never

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so little differently, and what difference of tone. To the end of our days we fail to understand how others can feel as they do about things. We are as co-travellers facing opposite ways, each calling upon the other to observe what from his position he cannot. The same scene from another point of view is another scene; the reverse direction is another road.

We formulate a philosophy that fulfils us. It does not actuate us so much as we actuate it—we live by an inner momentum of which it but shows the direction. Basic requirements underlie us which defy consciousness: our deeps are psychologically unfathomable. There are times when self-satisfaction is our one and best guide. When in the woods we lose the way we can often find it again from the lie of the land—so in vexed

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questions of duty, one can always resort to the simple expedient of the pleasant. We are born, like brooks, with some ununderstood movement that will not let us rest until we have reached the river and the sea.

It is not in the power of others to bestow upon us what we may acquire by ourselves. Gifts are cut flowers, but the find is a plant with root. Things thrive where they spring up naturally—seldom where implanted. Imitations are failures, self-solutions a success. Only what we approach from within is appropriate; what comes from without is foreign and never gets thoroughly domesticated. We learn nothing until we look at it and deal with it after our own fashion; all advice is bad advice compared with our wisdom. Whatever we work out for ourselves is full of

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interest. The suggested helps but the required burdens; coercion shapes only those not worth shaping. Prescribed forms are another's way, therefore not ours. Just because there is a precedent for everything, none is necessary. No one ever did this before—true, but no one ever had to. Differences of association make us in all things incommensurable. Only new things make impression or constitute expression; the need for novelty justifies the craze for it.

To copy is to impose on self a handicap; we cannot from others' methods obtain their results. Unless original, we do not flower, but only put forth leaves. Timidity looks for confirmation to conformance, and speaks confidently only along the old lines; but our very divergence is our certification. Would you duplicate an-

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other's success, take you the opposite direction: what is once done, is soon overdone. Not of any crop with which we are already familiar are the profits and honors that await us, but an unexpected harvest of our own sowing. Each spirit has its special Pizarro of initiative that leads to the Peru of its wealth. Preoccupied and pre-empted are the shores of life—it is for us to terrace the higher hills of outlook. No one is great until he is incomparable; affectation proclaims the undersized. We equal others only as we outclass them; failure as a follower may often testify to powers of leadership. Our very ease conditions our difficulties; qualities are qualifications and disqualifications in turn. The rose that so facilely unfolds its perfection could by no effort produce any other flower.

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Self-fulfilment is the inimitable specialization: in the patent-office of individuality are filed no infringements. No thought, no style, is in danger of duplication or forestalment, such is the spiritual variety of mankind. Though we can do nothing, go in no direction, without imitating some one, yet so different is our way of doing it that we imitate no one. Every one is a new emphasis on character. We cannot say the truth exactly as we see it without startling the world. Every great self-assertion is the birth of a new being.

There is more to be feared from diversion of purpose than from obstruction; the throng impedes more when going with than against us. We need contact with others just enough to make us distinct; by saving us from the general rating solitude gives us

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to feel our own. The more we listen, the more we have to say, yet the less disposed we are to say it because the less ours. It is the error of the unselfish to suppress instead of imparting themselves. The most curative influence we exercise is our separate way of looking at life—a new point of view is a panacea. Companionship on a basis of other than mutuality is a mistake; bad for one is bad for both. As every life needs the impinging of other lives lest it become over-extended or misshapen, so do other lives need the impact of ours.

Encouragement is requisite not so much to give us courage as to prevent us from losing what we have. We do not sufficiently accord to men the mode of life that goes with their genius, nor sturdily enough demand

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it for ourselves. Every specialty of capacity requires a specialty of conduct and conditions, as well as of career, in order to sustain it and keep it in countenance. The characters that fascinate us are our prototypes; the patron saint, the hero, is the precursor. Each dreams a peculiar Asgard, and peoples Olympus with his spiritual kin.

Let us go forth with our life and lead it not as others wish, but as we must; life is too precious a thing to lend to any one. A man's individuality is his vitality, the one thing that gives his existence reason. Our unique beauty lies in the peculiar way we receive and transmit the general light. Conformity means uniformity, and therefore an arrest of the evolutionary process; but individualization is differentiation and produces those va-

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riants through whose survival of type mankind is perfected and divinity attained. The onlead of life is the uplift of creation.

ULTIMATE ECONOMY

THE glory resident in the passing moment needs for its recognition a wholeness of vision seldom to be had in the living of it. Like some beautiful cathedral, hemmed in and beset by jostling houses, so is the event obscured by contiguous circumstance.

Only in outcome and final effect is the contribution of parts apparent. Then first are meanings extricated and proportions justified. Aimless and undirected as life may at times appear, there comes a day that links up all previous days, approving or condemning them with relevancy to a total result. Tedious periods of standstill are in perspective recognized as occasions of exceptional advance. The

ULTIMATE ECONOMY

ship, while lading, seems part of the land; yet later, how mobile, how harbor-free, how far-havened.

One of our greatest encouragements is derived from the eventual usefulness of apparently useless acquirements. In the silo of the receptive mind and retentive memory are laid away experiences that give us their supply in time of need. Even empty moments are restorative; and mistakes, made repetition-proof, are in the nature of an advance. Who shall say that the repentant are not the saint's superiors? No experience is in vain that enlarges insight and sympathy. What wide thought-circuit often for the small trophy, truth; of how many contacts and encounters is not our every expression the compression. Each day is a wholly new possibility because of yesterday.

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Truth is a rainfall that sinks thanklessly into the ground, yet rises later in universally acknowledged benefaction. Rarely is human value according to worldly position or men's judgment—the conspicuous so undistinguished, the distinguished so obscure! It is the patient hand at the petty task that keeps the world steady, the cheerful face in the performance of every-day duties that sustains its faith. Few enlarge their usefulness with the enlargement of sphere: though rank, position, wealth seem to offer greater opportunity for service to mankind, yet are they of greater disservice if conduct or character fall short of them. We do not acquire timeliness of attitude until we perceive the inconspicuousness of the important. To the unready, greatness always needs a curtain-raiser. It is

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difficult for inexperience to believe that the quiet little occurrence is really the great occasion—behold, we thought it would, “like the man of God, surely come forth and strike its hand over the place” and publicly proclaim itself. The important arrivals are unheralded and unmet. Weighty transactions are concluded in obscurity; not until signed, sealed, and delivered is the veil of secrecy lifted. Though the warfare be long, the critical period of it is short—the test comes, not when men think it, but at some prior conflict within. Talk is a report that tardily follows the flash of the act.

Success is no direct stroke but, like evolution's ends, the result of a previous trying-out of alternatives and finding them to fail—elimination by extermination. The smooth plain of

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life is empirically irregular. So interwoven is success with failure, failure with success, that we seldom get the pure taste of either. Nor are joys and sorrows always clearly demarcated or easily distinguishable; we gain and we lose, so that regret is doubtful, gladness rueful. Every arrival is also a farewell. Through how many deaths has life's succession devolved upon to-day! Such are the compensations of life that change seems equally accompanied by pleasure and by pain. The maturing of the mind matches the aging of the body; when through our morning windows comes no more the glorious light of youth, streams into erstwhile unilluminated chambers the full afternoon sun.

By one's own moral precariousness is kinship with all made conscious: in our faults is man's depravity under-

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stood. But for our frailties, half the world would be incomprehensible. Through each one's eyes, humanity gazes out and beholds itself again in the eyes of every one else. Others are ourselves at another time. In very self-defense, we seek to exonerate our fellows. Pity completes the circle of our contact, and enables us to love through sympathy where we cannot through respect. Men are immeasurable possibility housed in limited probability, and through barred windows of personality give glimpses of God.

In the make-up of perfection, delay and destruction are necessary elements. For being cut back, the tree of vitality grows the stronger, and puts forth better-placed branches for those lopped off. Many are the processes before refinement is complete. We must outlive companionships to

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find the true friendship, turn the edge of pleasures to find joy. The past is a soil into which failures and discouragements and sufferings fall fructifyingly, and from which hope and happiness spring up in ever fresh luxuriance of flower. Into the melting-pot of experience go countless values to form the precise and peculiar compound of character. For what servitude of the mass must not the qualities of class compensate. As the tracklessness of space is the necessary elbow-room of the stars, as the shambles of evolution find justification in the development of man, so must individual opportunity and privilege prove themselves worthy of their human cost.

The reconstructed life is energy's second wind; what is mended is stronger than ever. We are sure of nothing that we have not taken apart

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and put together again. The sound life is one that in at least some portion of it has been rebuilt; not until a breakdown do we acquire endurance. The health of middle age rests on a firmer foundation than the exuberant strength of youth. We trust no result unless sure of the principles; to fail is nothing if not due to false method. Useless is it to order others' lives unless we order their minds: the level of character is according to the specific gravity of the soul. So long as life continues to revolve around the same centre, the curve of conduct remains unaltered: men come into new relationships with the universe only through attraction to a new sun.

Control is safer than any natural advantage: irrigation can count on its crops more certainly than rainfall. The vigilance compelled by our lapses

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makes us trustworthy; a treacherous memory takes precautions rendering it more reliable than in the first place. The good of the heart must become the habit of the head—impulsiveness, like generosity, is quick but ineffective. Harm comes from heedlessness more often than from intentional wrong; we pay as great a penalty for carelessness as for crime. It is well known that the reluctant of promise are the surer of performance. More certain than any south is the fireside; comfort is the universal climate. Escape is not the mere postponement we thought it, but the inauguration of a new era of security. Caution travels an uninterrupted track between hosts of little confirmatory lights, all telling of closed switches and safety. Through discerned dangers we pass unharmed. Timely fear

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is opportunely fearless: bravery is often a matter of having our boots on. Life contains no terrors for him that has provided for every contingency; the mariner may sleep through the storm who meets it with reefed sail.

Every smooth surface is the product of suppression as well as of expression. The bestowal of labor produces the unlabored: out of the data of difficulty we edit our ease. Nothing that now comes naturally but began with effort; all that now racks attention and costs anxiety will in time become a pleasurable exercise of power. Accomplishment is a trick of adjustment; the very thing that makes hard at first makes easy at last. Preparation gives scope to spontaneity.

Back of every act, every thought, what a line of antecedents! As in-

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instincts are the racial storehouse, so are habits the personal: woven into our physical structure are the teachings of the years. Memory is but slightly a conscious affair—what the mind forgets, the body remembers. Better based is the spontaneous act than we suspected, having deeper reasons than it tells or itself knows: nothing is done well until done intuitively. Not always is obstinacy the irrational attitude it appears, but voices often a mute necessity. Conduct is founded at times on a larger tradition of nature's wisdom than conscience itself; on ordinary subjects common sense and general impressions are more correct than any reasoned conclusion, because representative of a more extensive comparison. The illusion of tentativeness under which we live is dispelled by any in-

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creased opportunity or differently directed attempt.

Rejoice, O trouble-tried and grief-stricken souls! Rejoice as those receiving a special training. The life that is ploughed brings forth abundantly; the mind that is deep-stirred yields its full crop. Upon the countenance is stamped the route of our hitherward travel; the furrows of the face are the engraving of God. What breast-wide row of medals, what Victoria cross, is comparable in honor to the lines inscribed on Lincoln's face? Misfortunes humanize us, enabling us to speak from the heart: the sympathies are awakened by our own need of them. Night and storm are as much part of the natural order as is the genial sun: the qualities of character they evoke are equally essential parts of our full development.

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As the vitality of trees turns in winter toward structural growth, so beneath the pensive skies of sadness we grow strong-rooted.

The obverse of joy is necessary to its enjoyment; did not life at times avert its face, there were no new moon of expectancy. We gather our gentle words from bitter experience, as the pineapple draws its deliciousness out of the arid sand. A soft lot hardens, hardships soften, the heart; not the courageous but the cowardly are cruel. The dolce of life turns sour on our tongue. Success robs us of the frame of mind that induced it.

We prefer the smooth paths—but it is the rough that teach life's topographies, and therefore are safest in the end. Only what cuts across the grain shows the wood. When fundamentals are shaken we examine to strengthen. Disappointments, failure

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of health or strength, that seem to block progress, develop some compensatory inner advantage whereby a fuller self-expression is made possible. Through the frustration of effort, diffusion is condensed into singleness of aim and simplicity of purpose. Uncongenial occupations round character, therefore often bring us the fulfilment which we thought them to preclude. In hateful interruptions we find the needful variation; and through hinderances that try the soul and bring ambition to naught gain the patience, the introspective power, the insight that confer mastery. The losses and lessenings of life are requisite in order to call to our attention its inexhaustible wealth.

Things go well not only when they occur to suit, but when they make us such as suit them; favorableness is predicable of them on either standard.

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When baffled, we break new ground; situations for holding self-council, occasions for decisive action are milestones in our lives. What good fortune is anything that forces us to think—and so confront truth!

Under check-rein, life rides gallantly; through self-control we set self free. Brave thoughts may well be worth their dire occasion. Defeat drives courage to the fore—our irreducible, invincible being is brought to bay. The courage of despair is the very coronation of power: thenceforth we reign by divine right and with absolute sway. Of every aspirant, fame demands: Where didst thou prove thyself?—on what field of conflict, in what place of heart-failing, at what desk of difficulty, show thyself the man?

The practice of working for quick

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results keeps action small: behind the instantly effective, lies little. Great potentialities do not give immediate proof of themselves—to be forced to, frustrates them. There can be no soul-filling concord in life save after its aching suspension. Adroitness is a mere captaincy, of quick promotion; but generalship lies latent, and waits long for its larger command. Leisure is only a loftier method of work. Far aims have high trajectories: we must fire into the air if we would hit the future. Those about us perceive nothing—the field-glass of perspective alone observes where the shot strikes.

As performance improves, our audience dwindles; its quality, however, more than makes amends for its scantiness. One attentive ear is enough; a wife's sympathy is many a man's sufficient applause. Whenever we are

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offered the approval of the inferior multitude or of the superior few, we choose the latter. It is difficult to please both time and one's own time. Celebrity is the large circulation; fame, the well-worn copy in the reference room.

Large purposes suffer long postponement of accomplishment. Most time goes for mere strength and steadiness; we plough much of ourselves under merely to enrich the soil. The greater part of every campaign is spent in preparation. The years groan under an increasing budget for the benefit of an emergency. The thought of a lifetime is often summed in an act; poetry is an attar crushed from reality's thousand petals. Leadership is unique. As the brunt of the world's advancement falls upon the few, so are occasions of victory. Long and

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wearisome is the steadiest journey, and only its one moment of arrival whips up before the inn of destination. The days are as hewn stones that the slow crane of time is lifting into position upon the gradual structure, surely though imperceptibly carrying out its design.

LETTER AND SPIRIT

THE specialist pays the penalty of his thought's inbreeding; the entanglement of men in their own affairs disfranchises them. Behind all technical questions are large human considerations which only human nature in its entirety is competent to judge. Not "crede experto," but beware of the expert: the best qualified are often as critics the least so.

Knowledge is a local information, of passing importance; but wisdom is universally useful. Only exigencies of production or of proficiency partition life: culture assembles it. Harmony is the whole melody. It is the defect of our education, of our industrial and social system, that develop-

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ment is seriatim, not simultaneous. The interrelation of truth is lost through the separateness of its pursuit. Progress advances in column front instead of deploying and advancing in line over the entire field. So engrossed is attention upon some one forward movement that it fails to notice the faltering elsewhere. Jostling each other in unconscious juxtaposition are found proficiency and incompetence, civilization and savagery, refinement and utter neglect—both in individual character and in the community. We tolerate organized industry and disorganized mankind, men no longer living wholes but merely animated parts, awaiting synthesis into human beings, inspiration into quickened souls.

Happiness lies in co-ordination of faculties. As the eye when wearied

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by one color invokes its complement, so attention protests every confinement and reasserts its integrity by rebound to some opposite. Let us be everything, but committed to nothing; let us keep conditions fluid, ourselves convertible. Any objective identification of oneself diminishes one's sense of identity; in vacations we become repossessed of a lost self.

From its every technical or scholastic sophistry, the red-blooded truth eventually extricates itself. The appeal is always to humanity, and wherever the special conflicts with the social, the latter always wins out. Into all form, as into every relationship, the human factor irresistibly forces its way. Public opinion is the eventual arbiter and custodian of taste. The large view makes us judges in Israel—trustworthy critics, the technician's

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court of last resort. Standards of beauty and truth are only finally established by the plebiscite of time.

Perfection is unfolded from the centre out. Only when vitally animated is conduct correct; those who live the large purpose are masters of the technical means. The sensibility assures the standard. Unless words spring from your life, they will not leap from your page. Form should be a fresh vesture, not the stiff garments of the past. So we live the beautiful, it will find its own method of expression. All basic truth has a surface of beauty.

The important thing is the dream, not the method of inducing it. Here is the cultivation needed. No matter through what medium the appeal, so long as it is made. Whatever inspires visions is to be revered—let us beware

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how we belittle it. Men will growl over their soul's meat even though we assure them it is poor nourishment. Why educate people to art, and not rather give them the art to which they are educated—since it supplies their spiritual need? Why develop an art of the future in advance of that future, leaving the present to starve? Much of conventional appreciation is pretense, covering an emotional hollow; the specialist gets too far ahead of his fellows for an example. It is not enough that the professional, sated with the familiar, should need novelty to sting his jaded appetite into enjoyment; his condition is pathological and furnishes no reliable index to normal demands and tendencies.

Art is ever a means, and by its elevation of soul is every exposition

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thereof to be judged. How many works of art are mere technical triumphs. Æsthetic criteria are essentially moral ones: evil beautified is intrenched, becoming thereby the more dangerous; truth, per contra, the more persuasive. The creative mood is strong but blind; the critical, wise but sterile. Head, heart, and hand—how seldom all three!

Small hold can the æsthetic take if the appeal is purely æsthetic: its power lies in its vital impress, and this is precluded by lowering the eyes of consciousness to it. The transcendently great does not give rise to thought but stirs the emotions. All means are a Moses and cannot themselves enter the land of attainment. There is no music to the soul, so long as it remains music to the ear; but only as it converts itself into vision,

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prophecy, sky-rift—a world beyond. Effect is innocent of cause; the totality we feel is undone by the details we see. If we hold to earth, we cannot soar to heaven; to cut loose is imaginative adhesion. Herein is the masterpiece known, that by it the mind, without sense of medium, is brought into direct touch with the greatness to which it is translucent; that in it we lave our souls in all that is largest and best. Art is not itself but what it awakens.

THE STREAM OF EVENT

IT is on earth, and man-made—
enough! I am acquainted with
it. In the multiplicity of cir-
cumstance and incident the one idea
repeats itself. No need to hear more
than the head-line; what follows is
familiar. The situation at first so
complex, choice at first so infinite,
soon simplifies itself; the emptiness
of most places, the paucity of most
persons make selection easy. The
artist looks out upon life and sees
not its multiplicity but its singleness.
Politics, affairs, fiction, history are but
so many phases of the human soul
that dwells in me, the myriad mani-
festation of the selfsame person that

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I am. The inner unity of the world expresses itself in outward uniformity and repetition. All that is true is one; all that are true are brethren. Continuity is assured by progression as well as by reversion—by conservatism and by development alike.

Earth's gifts and men's need standardize thought and conduct, giving them a common currency the world over. The mind is a sea that in rhythm and tide remains ever the same, its variance being that of the coasts it washes. Things of the heart have no special habitat, but spring up at large, and except for some native flavor are everywhere alike. There is throughout mankind a fundamental free-masonry. Out of such few simples as love, ambition, hunger, is the infinite variety of life's repast prepared. For all its versatility of manner how

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uniform is nature; the hand is always the hand of Esau, whatever Jacob-voice may speak. Racial and national differences are of chief interest to the superficial, and are the talk of travel-dom; but the homogeneity of mankind is its more impressive feature. The sense of men's fraternity springs from the recognition of man's identity.

The crowd restates life without enlarging it. Man arrives anew at old destinations, and raises the flag of first possession over long-occupied regions. The novelty of truth is never more than an expansion, a fresh expression. Existence consists in re-enactment of the same fundamental facts, reapprehension of the same basic wisdom. When we look forward, in reality we look backward, the future being constructed out of the factors of the past. Culture is

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the compass whereby progress knows its course.

What is the drama of humanity but the exclamation, through each participant in turn, of its ancient joy and grief? It is early ebullition makes the stir, rather than the trained forces that are effective. How quiet is elder humanity; all the clangor comes from the young. The flags, the flowers, the bright fires of welcome—these are gone; and in their place only the prose of presence, the silence of departure. Birds sing the dawn of day, not its noon. Curiosity sated, possibilities known, what a tame affair existence becomes. We watch with close interest some newly launched ship as it puts forth on life's voyage, observing its lines, admiring its speed, noting every point; yet soon cease to distinguish it amid the mass of sea-

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going vessels, and finally lose sight of it altogether among the dingy craft of sordid commerce.

Of little importance are the world and its factors, business and its activities, society and its questions compared to the soul and its experiences; being indeed but the aggregate aspect of the latter, to which they must look for measure, justification, and substance. Man in relation is ever less than man per se; his relativities are subordinate to his absolute self. Superficial are matters of mere expediency or policy alongside of the problems of existence itself; and neither their consideration nor their administration can ever rank in importance with the humanities and the arts. The efficient, prosperous new world shows shallow beside the art-loving, life-saddened old. Within is

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the world; the mind is a microcosm; we carry the universe in our hat. Each is the *cestui que trust* of a vast trusteeship, the beneficiary of its every benefit, the spirit that makes and unmakes values—affirms or condemns, creates or destroys.

How difficult to obtain for the human soul the consideration paid to its mere manifestations. To action thought seems so insignificant; yet behold its master! The poet is the actor in posse, the actor the poet in esse. The great spiritual transactions which the noisy world deems negligible—these control its destiny. Chronological sequence is inconsequential; the ticker of time reels off upon its endless tape items of little import until restated in the mind's logical order. Aloof from record, secret of presence, infrequent of access, sits

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the silent consciousness that is bringing to-morrow to pass.

Calmness dwells where most there is need of it: in those lives and occupations, under those circumstances, not that induce but that require it; where difficulties and perplexities make it indispensable. Simple acts have recondite psychology. Serenity is untroubled, not without troubles; the clear air holds the clouds in solution. Equanimity is a smiling ocean that has swallowed its fatalities and composed its storms.

EXPERIENCE

TONGUE-TIED truth marvels at superficiality's facile speech.

Word-wealth is to the wide rather than to the deep; the fluent words flow on the surface, the exiguous well-spring is caught in a cup. How full-worded is falsehood, fact how few! Wisdom is ever a linguistic pauper, and speaks sparingly. Thought leads to truth, and truth to silence—hence its eloquence.

The emphatic have an air of infallibility that makes them seem to speak *ex cathedra*; might is so often right that there is a predisposition so to think it. Energy of manner passes for force of statement; positive opinions enjoy a handicap which it takes

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long for correct opinion to overcome. The rough and ready world talks in exaggerations, and reasons in terms of partisanship. The strict truth is seldom striking: something of exactitude is always sacrificed in making it appreciable. Before a sensation-inflamed public mere presentation has no voice: misrepresentation has to be met with counter-misrepresentation in order to get a hearing.

The complexity of the world is according to the keenness of the observer. Courage! your more frequent dulling may be due to your finer edge. The more truly right we are, the slower we are to believe it; minds transparent to truth are unconscious of self. The very greatness of the great constitutes their discouragement. Clear-sighted judgment, because comprehensive, is always hesitant; vacil-

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lation is the weakness of large minds. Ignorance is sure, not knowledge; the vehement give heat without light, but the quiet illuminate. The jury of souls always finds for the angels that fear to tread; prophecies and panaceas are discredited by their very certitude of language. Most questions are so intricate that decision is really a matter of feeling rather than of intellect. Taste, because the summed self—refinement, because perception's more accurate scale of measurement, best enable us to cope with the issues of practical life. The way of the philosophic through affairs is hard—every situation bristles with problems, any one of which would require a lifetime for analytical solution.

Not until assurance has been followed by the whirlwind of confusion, the earthquake of doubt, the fire of

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analysis, is there heard the still small voice of truth. Though experience teaches, it mystifies by its contradictions. The inexperienced are assertive; the vulgar delight in superlatives; but the notation of small differences, the making of distinctions, the use of discriminative language, these are badges of insight and perception. How cautiously speaks the expert. It is the limitation of outlook that leads to exaggeration of statement; all trained hands practise restraint. The crowning quality with which experience endows is gentleness.

Youth photographs on a fresh plate, yet with a faulty lens. Not mere perception but a ripened comparison creates standards: we measure not by what we see but by what we have seen. New knowledge is tyrannical, while wisdom is tolerant: the young

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judge where the elder pardon. Undisciplined energy always overthrows. Only inexperience can be cruel—no one can see causes without anger turning to pity. In strange contrast to the generosity of youthful hearts is the unconcern of youthful eyes.

Appreciation is sight, condemnation blindness: we love for more fundamental reasons than we hate. Suspicion is obvious, but faith is subtle. To the fully informed, everything has such good reasons for being, that innovation is seldom convincing. As judgment gains, rebellion wanes. History tempers the zeal of reform, both guiding effort and lessening discouragement; extremists are rare among the well-read. Training is unenergetic, energy untrained; whom culture qualifies, it checks, leaving the bustle and broil of life to the crude. Hence the

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success of the second-rate, the leadership of the shallow. The world is not beautified, because it is the bold rather than the beautiful that build. Affairs are grasped by the coarse-handed. We live nowadays under a mediocracy wherein, by catering to the average, there is spread the banal in taste. The tendency of the cultured is to become cloistered—the enclosure that protects, confines; the walls that guard entry, block exit. Maturity reaches a general attitude of reserved decision and suspended judgment, and beholds with amazement the younger generation of positive opinion and unqualified assertion going its destructive, warring way. Revolution is ever a preacher, because its reason is the more plausible: but the established order is dumb for very voluminousness of reply.

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The largeness of truth always needs protection from the arrogance of its littleness. To a world of definite pursuits, men of large aims seem aimless; undertakings that are so general in character as to have unfixed times and places of performance are in special need of safeguarding, even from ourselves. Not with impunity do the impressionable venture among the pronounced; in others' presence none but a stalwart personality maintains complete equipoise, and that only because deficient in responsiveness. Fine sensibilities, without commensurate force of character, may even be a menace to efficiency: in the make-up of the world's leaders and captains there has always been somewhat of obtuseness to influence, of intractability to counsel.

False hopes and the shipwreck of

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our Utopias turn us all into conservatives at last. Extremes, though logically pleasing, are practically inexpedient. Compromise alone considers all factors. Neither optimism nor pessimism is justifiable by more than a slight preponderance: the average truth is a draw between them. Seldom does reform require anything radical—simply some small thing omitted or done differently; solutions of discord are mere resolutions. The absolutely right inflicts the relatively wrong: improvement rather than replacement is wanted. As houses are most livable that come into existence through adaptation and enlargement, so is it with character and with institutions: in their continuity of development are found both the fixture of permanence and the elasticity of growth.

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Neither so rapid nor so radical as we imagined is the world's transformation. Progress is the movement of the wave, not of the water. So long as man is amiss, the world under any administration of it will be amiss—when to faulty methods is added inefficient performance, one marvels at such resultant excellence as there is. Only by profound movements like those preceding the Reformation or the French Revolution are fundamentals even appreciably affected. We forget that the leverage of time is against the poise of eternity. The more the forces of civilization are disturbed, the more they disclose their equilibrium. Has not the intelligent minority in every age feared itself on the eve of engulfment by a rising proletarian tide? Universal suffrage, instead of precipitating the cataclysm

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expected, found itself speedily offset in an increasing capacity to use it. Storms which youth believed about to break, inundations of change then thought imminent, turn out to be mere gradual processes that have been under way since the beginning of time and will reach their finale only at the end thereof. We ourselves span but an insignificant segment of the vast transitions we foresee. Experience at length replaces the Golden Age in the far future where it belongs and where God set it—whence only the enthusiasm of youth removed it, mistaking it for an immediate hope.

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THE key in which life is composed is more important than any particular note struck; the influence we diffuse in the world comes from the inner radiance of all our acts rather than the salience of any one. Genius is a mansion standing often empty and unilluminated, mediocrity a year-through dwelling. The goal of life is immanent in each moment, each thought, word, act, and does not have to be sought apart from these. It consists in no specific achievement but the state of mind in which everything is done, the quality infused into existence. The function of man is not to attain an object but to fulfil a purpose; not to

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accomplish but to be accomplished. All great products have been by-products; self-expression rather than production aforethought has produced the immortal works of art. Instead of seeking for their activity an objective, men should seek a subjective. What we engage in should have as its reason not an ulterior aim, but because it is I: then would others get from our every act a direct influence of personality. Pursuits that are a self-fulfilment yield, because they bear, an impress of character. It is a far more personal tribute to be loved by men than to be honored; for honor may be paid to the merely adventitious in us but love is addressed to the essential personality. Only those who touch its emotions obtain from the world a satisfying response. The spectacular fades, the

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intellectual is superseded—the heart is the one enduring parchment that perpetuates its page.

To do or die is a Philistine fetich. There is much noble immolation upon base altars: many are the heroic sacrifices to the Moloch of success. Would that the prize were awarded to the inward quality rather than to its outward accomplishment. Standards are reversed, results measuring means, and success gilding often contemptible characteristics. Growth, not aggrandizement, is the index of progress; external tests take no account of difficulties encountered. Fast or slow is determined by impediments as much as by powers—the train that speeds in the open is stalled outside the yards. From the standpoint of large purpose, failure is an irrelevant fact.

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We think of life too much in terms of activity. Oh, that men introduced into life something of the dignity of death! If we did less, how much more we should be; how productive if we never thought of product. We do not do nothing enough. Never is action so well-directed as when we see its futility, never expression so lofty as when we are incapable of it, never are we so eloquent as when struck dumb. Declarative of character is all conduct: a short life is sufficient for fulfilment. We have but the one brief message to deliver; that done, there is nothing more to expect from us, though we be continually talking. It is the same stamp that we set upon every new surface of circumstance; so that we fashion therefrom products of only the one design.

How jealous should we be of at-

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tention, seeing there is not enough to go round. What takes my time takes—in part—my life. A pastime is a robbery. Few occupations compensate for what they leave undone: unless we are large enough for every claim upon us, let us bestow ourselves discriminately. Even prosperity may be at too high a price. Better no money than most of the dispositions of time necessary to acquire it; life can only be inwardly enriched. Rarely is wealth worth its burden. All activity pays its reactive price, and little of it gets value for its pains. Strange that economy should limit itself to pecuniary matters, instead of applying itself to the so much more precious energy and time; that we should be so scrupulous to make both ends meet financially, so careless spiritually and physically. All carefulness

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is elsewhere costly. For every exaggeration of concern we suffer a collateral shortage: the excess of some virtue undoes us. *Quære* often whether not better to be passive and let things take their course, standing the evil where we find it—since most trouble is a dust that, swept from one place, only lodges elsewhere.

When means become ends in themselves purpose is defeated; civilization is undone by over-emphasis upon material pursuits. The goal of society is not product but the producer: a perfected humanity. In its blighting effect upon the higher interests, the ever-pressing economic question confronting the world is like that of war; considerations of mere livelihood color and pervert all relations. Surely these many centuries of labor should have freed man from the ur-

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gency of the material struggle, entitled him to leisure for himself. There can be no *noblesse oblige* as long as necessity obliges; the sullen world serves without smile. In losing relish, mankind has lost its song—the burden of the heart is no longer beauty.

The scales of efficiency use false weights. So many fewer things are in vain than we think: their use is simply deferred. In the endless chain of causation, possibilities of usefulness are infinite: merely to influence for good some one person in some small way may be ample justification for our existence. There is no higher function in the world than to encourage through sympathy and responsiveness every good impulse, every high endeavor with which we come in contact. We have done our utmost if we have made of ourselves a gracious

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presence. In the curricula of life, education remains unto the end of more importance than specialty of achievement. Over and above, side by side with, anything we may accomplish is something which we are merely learning to accomplish—often this is all that is accomplished at all. Though facility may score, it is the difficulty that does us the benefit. The sole objective of life is to raise its quality. With the character of our occupation be our concern—never mind to what effect or what our part in it; the littleness of vanity lies not in thinking oneself great but in having one's head turned by it. Better to lose by judgment than to win by accident. The foolish acts we refrain from doing are quite as accurate a measure of us as the wise ones we do.

Let us take life like true sportsmen,

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not to win but for its own sake; and in good form, for the inherent joy of it. With no wish to be rich or great, how happy we might be. After all, it's not a matter of acquisition but of satisfaction. A life that fails of gladness, fails of fruit; we do nothing efficiently unless we have pleasure in the doing, nor live aright until happily. The best response we can make to the universe is its enjoyment. Ambition is a showy coin whose obverse is disappointment; but the intrinsic interest is the same on every side and all through. Those who sing at their work are the world's sages. Pippa in passing confutes a whole Schopenhauer of pessimism.

THE EDGE OF PERCEPTION

UNLESS we keep the contrast, we do not keep the joy: all frames are offsets; fine sun-effects are due to clouds. Too smooth and plain must the path not be—a little picking and choosing is pleasing. The mind, like the senses, no longer takes note of the accustomed: save in the one brief moment of novelty, it matters little to consciousness whether we have or lack. The original sensation is quickly submerged—in order to taste or to feel we have to rediscover. The Greek spirit to-day will not manifest itself in Greek form or subject itself to Greek limitation, any more than age will joy in the identical things of youth. We re-

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tain our freshness of appreciation, but under other provocation.

Perception must not participate, for the typical is lost in the experiences that exemplify it. Vivid outline needs sharp relief. Dreams grow dingy on entering the domain of practical politics. Heaven and hell are by their inmates not so named. Meanings and values are perceived in absence because known by contrast. We become the very personification of our peculiarities, yet because of like companionship remain blind to them. Politeness preserves silence, and we mistake it for approval. One has only to lack self-criticism sufficiently, in order to make any fool's paradise possible.

Our needs are certified in their denial. Appreciation is largely a negative experience, consisting in finding

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alternatives no better, or worse. Not until overtaken by the disagreeable or the difficult do we realize what it meant to be without them. Gratitude is of posthumous birth. "Those happy days"—what is it but to say that these are not? Are not happy memories often the unhappiest? When our powers forsake us, we wonder we could have made so little use of them. As an occasion for regretful retrospect, every departure is a death. We perceive our luck only against the background of its lack, even as the black night turns my window-pane into a mirror of the cosiness within, creating as it were a buffer-room between it and the void without.

Desires seldom await the advent of their accomplishment. Most things are attained after the edge of appetite is over, or before it comes. There is

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a truer timeliness than that of wish. Heaven answers our prayers not specifically, as we asked; but generally, as we needed. The question is not as to God's giving but as to our receiving, and that must be on his terms. From the standpoint of desire blessings seem either tardy or premature—hence so often go unrecognized; but from the standpoint of requirement they come with all the joy of long suspension.

Life rushes into its every enlargement, abhorring like nature a vacuum. As the columns of newspapers are equally filled whether there be news of importance or no, so is there never any surplus of time or territory, income or energy, but it is instantly seized upon and appropriated. Discontent can no more be cured by removal of its cause than worry erad-

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icated by riddance of worries; unless the attitude is altered, the evil is but scotched. Satisfaction is an affair of standard rather than of fact.

If troubles never come singly, that is certainly the least troublesome way—one dulling another so that we feel all only as one. Added sorrows are oftentimes a boon in that they make us forget the old ones. The congestion of life that blurs our blessings has its compensatory value in swallowing up our disappointments.

It is richer to live in hopes than to bask in the realization; expectancy is the true fulfilment. Not the satisfied but the hungry are happy. As autumnal forebodings outpicture winter, so spring outpromises its summer. We have our wish, yet with some deprivative adjunct, some altering inward conception of it; desires are

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undesirably accomplished, ideals un-ideally attained. Before the event arrives, the eventfulness is gone out of it: in the gradual lock of change, the waters of circumstance are imperceptibly raised or lowered to suit, so that we fare forth on the new level without so much as noticing it.

What we sow in discontent, we reap in disappointment, impatience only giving place to reminiscence. Dreams, in coming to pass, cost us the dear and familiar. Life reaches at length the point to which young eyes aspired, only to find around it a world unforeseen—the world it knew in ruins. Progress mounts not like a ladder but like a stairway that in rising leads away.

Every fact that averts its face is a mystery. Things are wanted when wanting; what is crowned with suc-

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cess is shorn of power. Visions vanish in the utterance, values gained are gone. Withholding proves to be the magic gilding. Only the unrealized, unrealizable ideal can be our Beatrice; our Vita Nuova is always woven round a life from which we keep aloof.

All things are in the same category, once they are ours. There are not the ups and downs of life within that there are without. Its transports of joy or grief are through habituation and wisdom naturalized, hence neutralized: good and ill fortune become in the reception of them strangely alike. Rather is it beneath an equable surface of event that the soul has its own unevenness. Beside the conditions that incur grow qualities that cure; nature in imposing penalties mercifully provides for the payment

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thereof, sometimes even for their remission. Troubles rarely equal complaint; in imparting we part with them—when utterable, they are over. The sympathy of the sensitive exceeds and outlasts its occasion. From the heights we seem higher than from the depths we seem deep.

Pity and envy are alike logical errors, due to picturing material differences without the mental differences that accompany them. With whom would we exchange if we exchanged fully? And if we did, what difference would it make? The rich in commiserating the poor, the poor in envying the rich, both omit the subjective factors that equalize their lots. If instead of considering the success, the position, the wealth, we considered the kind of life these would require of us, how seldom they would be de-

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sired. The doubtful superiority of the different is the slow lesson of experience: the longer we live, the less we covet. Each age, station, or lot is, because of an inward accommodation, happiest in its own condition. No one has equal trouble unless he has our trouble; every one's good-fortune is preferable to our own—twin delusions are these. As his to him, so mine to me. The peasant coveting the king's state is envied by the king for his peace of mind; the laborer, jealous of the capitalist's ease, is for his freedom from responsibility deemed enviable in turn by the capitalist. I went out into the storm and, behold, the trees tossing wildly and moaning, and all their leaves in an uproar; but clinging closely to the ground, the furze swayed gently and safely in the wind.

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JUDGMENT AND MERCY

WHERE there is man there is madness; acquaintance with mankind teaches there is no scheme of life that is not compatible with what we call sanity. We perceive frailties to be the localization of a general defect. Jove needs no prosecuting attorneys. How little we have placed the blame when we have located the fault: the whole world is guilty of contributory negligence. To explain is of necessity to excuse: psychology endows with the all-forgivingness of deity. Nothing has ever been said or done for which there is not some point of view that will palliate if not pardon it, just as there is nothing so

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blameworthy in others but we find excuse for it in ourselves. Our fellows would be incapable of their conduct if they were as we thought them; both praise and blame go wide of the mark. We are fairly bursting with justifications for ourselves—which the world never waits to hear.

The division wall between qualities is not strong, and easily broken down. Under the microscope of scrutiny, few actions have the character ascribed to them. There is, abstractly considered, a democracy among motives, a subjective equality among impulses, that constitutes the moral danger to dreamers. Hierarchies of worth are a scale of specific purpose and action. It is often the same traits of character that are praiseworthy and reprehensible—dependent upon direction: evil is good gone wrong; good, evil set

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right. Worthy objects lacking, energy expends itself upon the unworthy: parents and educators know that in early awakened interests and tastes the whole issue of character as well as of conduct is determined. Men of like disposition are resourceful or cunning, persevering or obdurate, hero or villain, leader or ringleader, genius or monster, according as energy is pre-empted: hatred and love are twin growths of the same soul-fire. Fortunate for us is it that our final judge is both all-knowing and all-comprehending, and will give due weight to every excuse or explanation we could not offer to the impatient, rough-gauging world of men—scarcely even to ourselves.

Many faults, most defaults, are due to some exaggerated virtue: the surplus costs a deficit. Phenomenal apti-

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tudes are accompanied by phenomenal deficiencies; experience is constantly uncovering surprises of merit and of enormity. As disinclination may be mere preoccupation, so may negligence be devotion to some more clearly perceived purpose. Every excellence has as its obverse a failing, every positive a negative; for which reason there is no strong character but leaves a wake of enemies as well as a following of friends. We hesitate to curb our powers' excess for fear of forfeiting them in moderation. Qualifications that put us in a special class of ability or productiveness, exempt from ordinary conformance; deprivations are requited by a large permissiveness.

One may not to exceptional men apply average standards: as we cannot account for them by usual causes, so we should not hold them account-

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able by usual comparisons. The specialty that constitutes genius is not to be found without a specialty of character accompanying it; in order to possess the one useful variant we must, in line with nature's method of selective survivorship, possess a thousand useless ones as well. Every one suffers from maladies and ailments peculiar to his physique and temperament. The world is never prepared for the unfamiliar guise in which spontaneity appears—it is not so much the unexpected that happens as that it happens unexpectedly. Even those who are glad of our crop are critical of the soil that produced it; men are more intolerant toward infractions of their own code than toward the possession of an entirely different one. Not always is the price of genius appreciated: the supreme self-fulfilment

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demanding by it calls out that extreme of egoism which incurs its penalties and its opprobrium; the self-expression required by it is a reversion to the uncontrolled self-will of nature. In the degree of their courage, all creative spirits run counter: the great raze the former world to make room for themselves. Save by heroic self-insistence, breaking down obstructions and inhibitions, no one ever attains full soul-freedom—accounting for the occasional moral vagaries of those who do. Nor can we live physiologically correct yet follow our dreams, passing the hours of the divine caprice. To the poet, to the spiritual explorer, routine is death; for him there is another hygiene than for the plodder. The laws of health are subservient to the laws of one's special psychology.

Deficiencies develop a countervail-

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ing virtue and heroism. Through limitation we become large, and by inner device make good every outward deficit. The extraordinary career is often shaped by some extraordinary failing from which spring its unique problems, therefore its unique solution of those problems—as the marvel of New York is the expression of its cramped location. It is this basic lack that both frees energy and exacts of it some amends. Extreme seeks extreme in expiation: great personalities are usually disproportionate.

TRANSCIENCE

WHY wish to keep what time intentionally takes away—the past? The merit of the moment is itself momentary; its ephemerality is of its essence. As a permanent season neither youth nor spring would retain its charm of promise, its exhilaration of advance; sharing with all things that temporal relativity which is so much a part of them that they cannot without self-destruction be conceived of as permanent. Unless set in a time-environment, unless existing in contrast with what precedes and follows, events forswear themselves and are undone. Art by its fastidiousness makes confession how little of time is fit for eternity. The

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peculiar combination of circumstances constituting the present could not profitably continue or recur. Vainly would sentiment stay the flight by perpetuating the memory: upon the Grecian urn of immortality the vanished day is devoid of life.

Protraction does not increase appreciation but diminishes it, even as we scorn flowers that never fade. Alas! the fleeting moments—yet if arrested how monotonous they would be, their relish how quickly turning to ennui. Only change keeps time to our tune. No effect outlasts its little hour.

We are crowded on into ever new territories of thought; and change of persons and things alone keeps the continuity of relationship with them. Maintenance of congeniality lies in mutuality of development. The past

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is not only gone, but ineffectual; our hope is in new situations and interests. Life, like history, repeats itself not in circumstance but in principle. Only a new circumstantial grouping can bring back the bygone; only the future can restore the past. Existence is a flowing stream in whose waters we see reflected, nevertheless, a constant image.

Not the past but the fact that it is past casts the spell. Departure makes all precious. Moments which, unappreciated, have just left us—what would we not give now to have back! Even where we disliked the old times themselves, we cherish resemblances to them. Contemporaries are always usurpers.

Seldom as worthy of preservation as we imagined is the past: the sentiments we harbored at the time were

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truer to the facts. Though the gaze is regretful, the return would be dreadful. We mourn the past most when it remains. Any vivid recall of the past such as afforded by note-books, journals, old papers, contemporary chronicle, that revive it not only in incident but in impression, shows it up for what it really was—a tentative phase of, a mere temporary stage toward the far preferable present. We are older than our elders; the greatness of yesterday is o’ertopped by to-day. How surprising to historians would be the restoration of the times they depict. Performance improves, but standards will not let us think so: to-day seems less because through larger eyes. Self looks at former selves with incredulity. Were we conscious of the crudity from which passing time graduates us, no longer

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would we bewail it. Oh, you youth-regretting elders, how could you now endure the callow, undisciplined spirit that actuated those days, the lack of that training and culture in the gaining of which you have grown old? Not youth is regrettable but the years.

Progress has ever to drag its anchors of sentiment. The sense of continuity hangs the former days like millstones round our necks. Truth must needs be on guard lest precedent turn former tentativeness into finality, lest reverence become backward-facing, lest attachment make us reactionary, lest constancy turn into loyalty to what is outworn. We are moored to the past when memory takes too strong a hold. The indictment against conservatism is that it is equally unchangeable for ill as for good; that in its great safety-vault ideas as well as

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things are kept beyond reach. Time is consummation; therefore not to be regretted or hindered, but cheerfully to be assented to, both in purpose and in plan.

Let us flee the youth, the memory-haunted spots! Time must be prospective in order to be itself; the moment may not be denied its birth-right of fresh observation and judgment. The day is devitalized by an excess of deference to other days. The only memory should be an enlarged outlook. What spontaneity can the heart have if like a gramophone ever travelling along grooves that bid it repeat? Reminiscence is restraint, stifling vision; objects are seen in their absolutism of meaning only in the morning, before memory wakes. To look backward is to undo the future. Though history links, it also

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chains—making mindful of a none too creditable past, which rather it were the part of progress to forget; whose record imposes a greater load of retrospect than its lessons give light upon the future. Only the free eye of philosophy leads forth, and foresees the coming day; parentage affords no prophecy. To the physical handicaps of heredity why add the conscious? Fortunate is it that our voluminousness periodically passes through the consuming flames of Alexandrian fires.

We find the world into which we are ushered both a survival and a beginning, a relic and a novelty; ourselves mere transitionals, looking now forward with eagerness for change, now backward with desire to retain. Everything is simultaneously in birth-throe and death-agony. Wherever vi-

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tality is importunate and the new generation pushes forward, there is bound to be supplanting of the time-honored obliteration of landmarks. Energy and activity always range themselves on the side of oblivion; progress forsakes father and mother for children. Within, the mental scene is too fleeting more than to take notes of ourselves—or to make more than that worth while. Everywhere there is a new manning of the old ship. Tradition is kept alive and passed along only by maiden aunts and memorial societies.

Trace the gradual waning of any great epoch: Can there, think contemporaries, ever be unmindfulness of its illustrious events? Earth resounds with their fame, the talk of them is on every tongue! . . . Slowly, imperceptibly, other interests

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crowd in; new times, new customs; another day of humanity dawns. Springs up then the aftercrop of commemoration—with eulogy, anniversary, monument, the age lives on. . . . Then come the centuries, bringing achievements that demand in turn their due of attention. Obstinate the earlier give way before them, and at length are superseded. Neglect stalks amid the places of memory; memorials, but yesterday sacred, are to-day effaced, defaced, their very stones becoming subservient to deeds of later commemoration. Time spreads its new layer over earth's surface—save for scholarly research or class-room chronicle, the age once palpitant with life is dead.

Modern times move so fast that a generation is an era; at middle age, memory is already historical. The

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times preceding these are as remote as then seemed the Renaissance or Rome. Never before has there been such swift obliteration of one's familiar world, never youth's *mise en scène* so utterly swept away, centuries of razing being now crowded into a lifetime.

The social structure is enclosed in scaffolding, undergoing—is it repair or demolition? In elder lives and lands, where the population of experience is dense, condemnation proceedings are costly—one can make no move without infringing vested interests; but in young countries, where empiricism involves no onslaught on establishment, fundamental problems push more readily to the fore and conservatism is suspect, the burden of proof being shifted from why to why not. Less iconoclastic, therefore, is the new world than the old. Nature

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inverts the law of primogeniture: her latest-born have the larger inheritance. All ancient peoples suffer the embarrassment of their future through the riches of their past.

To-day occupies its house while a-building—for noise and confusion is it at times scarce tenantable. Civilization, at its most permanent periods, is but a material stability founded upon a moral upheaval: the guarantees of prevailing conditions are always slighter than we think. No sooner are current standards conformed to than they are superseded. Now that property is safe from lawlessness, it is no longer safe from the law. Basic forces live by form-renewal: the destructions of to-day are the reconstructions of to-morrow. Conservatism denies its own parentage; we forget that our immemorial establishments

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were themselves the product of revolt and overthrow. To be logical, one must either be liberal or revert to the embryonic. Revolution is still in the saddle; of every situation or circle the factors of change are even now at the door. With what consistency deplore our day's disintegration, seeing it is the work of the very same agencies that brought it into existence? The short-lived impress left on the world by innovation is due to the fact that the innovators themselves so soon become the world—a new generation arises that knew no other. Quickly do the most revolutionary of changes come to be clothed with the authority of accomplished fact.

It is the law of life for things to go to pieces, and to re-form; each step forward consigning a former self to the limbo, each stage of the past be-

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coming a world wiped out. From childhood on, experience deliberately tears down body to build up soul. Those who love only youth and summer fight against the natural order, therefore a losing battle. There is no way to prevent the change and decay that in all around we see—the one approximation is a philosophy that keeps us from caring. Life needs for the living of it a creed which of age predicates progress, of loss or of lessening circumstance a corresponding soul-enlargement. *Per angusta ad augusta.*

Out of the wreck of circumstance rises the heroic soul. Life suffers a circumstantial catastrophe in which all that survives is a set in disposition—at the time the least-considered part of it. Sole survivor of its changes, this is the sum total of its product. The value of outward fact lies in its in-

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ward effect: objects, events, relationships, having produced upon us that which was the purpose of their existence, are *functi officio*; they have left their residuum of permanence—thenceforward they may be dispensed with. Memory, in its suppression of the inessential, is prophetic of the future's judgment: how few of all the long series of days stand out vivid, and those what unexpected ones! even so will the present circumstance fade, our feelings be forgotten, and only whether we acquitted ourselves conformably to some ideal of generosity, of considerateness, of courage, be remembered—or matter.

Subjectively we gain all that objectively we lose. In the personal view there is loss, grief, death; but in the impersonal, there is growth, happiness, life. The purified spirit

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time brings us is more than anything it takes away. This, the greatest joy of life, not only outlasts youth, health, fame, riches, but is actually enhanced through the loss of them, and constitutes an essential happiness of which no lot, no man, no age can deprive us. Only the best things in life really belong to us.

VISTA

THE fairest scene is one we look beyond. Details are those indispensable incidents which, if unnoticed, give the total effect, but if noticed destroy it; ephemera, whose office is performed through self-effacement. Photography is too precise to produce the impression of reality; exactitude is a libel on truth.

Ideas transcend their every language of expression; we remember them in their largeness when we forget their phrase. To instance is to deduct from generalization part of its truth; as an illustration it is misleading, as an application it is limiting. Vividness produces rather than presents:

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the perspective lies beyond the picture; the dream of the poet is that which is awakened in us, outrunning his words. Events differ from any statement of them: the experience is a resultant which its constituent parts never lead us to expect. Bergson laid bare the living principle of life in showing that synthesis added to analysis can never reconstruct reality, each moment being a unique creation.

Where the present is insistent, imagination has no chance. Seeing is disbelieving. The nimbus of personality fades before the personal presence. It is not until we part from our friends that their underlying character is perceived; we must choose between the contact with men and their true company. Beware thou approach not the object of idealization—which is a species of idolatry. Nature first

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begins to be poetical where she ceases to be of practical use; we love her only when she is more than our house-keeper. The shy charm of meaning shrinks from the mercenary touch; only where the ploughshare of progress has left some stump or stone do the idyls of life still linger. It is the faint far view that holds our attention, not the insistent near. What divinity dwells in those sculptured faces of ancient times with their sightless, all-seeing eyes from which the pupils of particularity are lacking! The deep-booming bells of distance voice the heart's solemnity; all our large, long-ranged thoughts prowl in the uncircumstanced hours of the night.

That place is largest that has in it least the element of locality. How conducive to the inner life are conditions that make us seek refuge from

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them. Inclemencies everywhere prevail: it behooves us to choose our sojourn where resources are greatest. If existence is merely the sum of its tasks, it matters little where staged. Place, date, name, occupation crowd us into our little corner; but in the intercourse of the mind there is roominess.

To idealize is to dispel the illusion of reality and discover the real. Perception is not in the gaze. The enchantment lent by distance to the view, the magic of memory, the beatification practised by the past—what are they but the emergence from place, person, and event of a reality to which at the time we were blind? Art depicts by supplementing the senses, by adding what they omit, seeing in things more than exists.

What merely suggests the actual

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is more suggestive than the actual itself—a hint is more than the whole. Imagination gains little from mass, the fact having but to be passed before its keen nostril to yield the full aroma; it chokes on the chaff of circumstance but is nourished on the grain of the idea. A little contains the limitless; things jotted are generally most memorable. Fancy feeds on everything on which it is not overfed—there is no vision where we see distinctly. The breeze is the subtlest of influences because it makes us dream, not think. The poetry of life is its choice vintage; the practical exploitation of it yields only the *vin du pays* of prose.

Only unfocussed minds allow the larger aspect of things—special purpose excludes all that does not concern it; for general observation, one must be without other objective.

VISTA

Those who have come to see the undefined character of truth and the impersonality of being are left without adequate expression of creed. To dream is to piece the old material, but to muse is to weave the new. It is the point of view that makes the poet—if we have only the accepted one, we go prosaic all our days. Creative thought or action is always radical, because only at the root of things is their meaning to be found; in creation's workshop, poetry and philosophy ply their craft. There must be a certain irresponsibility of mind and of conduct in order to any greatness: every new achievement is a leap in the dark. Of the seer, we ask as credentials: Do Pythian vapors rise from his brain; does his mind sublimate, is it capable of going over into the aeriform state; do streams of

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poetic imagination ascend from it into the blue?

Fact is but a lay figure until truth costumes it. Through science, art, history, fiction we have touch with the world's order: in the brute confusion of event we find it not. One must shut his eyes to incident before he can open them to truth. Thoughts, on becoming fact, lose effect. The real world of travel cannot compare in reality with the unreal world of dream. Sight is an intrusion upon vision: how much more we see at night. Despite all our intellectual familiarity with it, the universe remains evermore a surprise—amazing in result if no longer so in cause. Where fact finishes, mysticism takes up the word. These eyes that reduce the scene to its bricks and mortar, this fancy that invests it with the imagery it evokes!

VISTA

The soul has commerce not with things as they are but as they ideally should be—the actual is irrelevant. Each sings to the idyl of his dream. We are clothed with our possibilities, and dare not regard our naked actuality. The imaginative cannot endure to live in a world of matter-of-fact: ah, to escape from it behind the gauze of fancy! Any consciousness of conditions turns them into prison-bars—earth's edge is a sea parapet. Pictures concede the inadequacy, mirrors eke out the extent of environment; no one can abide its blank wall.

When things cease to bristle with what they mean and mean only what they are, life collapses. We say "disillusioned," but in reality it is loss of sight; to have no illusions is blindness, to have lost them is death.

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Emotion is the soul's one enlivener, the world's vital force. What does not stir us is extinct: the leafless is lifeless. From fact's wintry skeleton, how conjure up the warm flesh and blood of its summer? The senses but supply canvas for the colorist, sentiment. Vision is an inference: the eyes behold what they believe—a few physical data and we think the rest.

Without imagination the mind gets but a short way; it cannot walk till it flies. Fact has the crowd as votaries, it is fancy that needs the following. The practical are sightless and therefore the real visionaries; but dreamers see clearly and are the strict logicians. We make a better forecast of the future by picturing possibilities than by estimating probabilities: only imagination can cope with the

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vagaries of fate—which through some commission on its part or omission on ours confutes all calculation. Genius is the eye, event the slow foot. The true statesmen of the world are its poets. Though facts lag a thousand years behind fancy, they always follow at last.

THE LARGE ALLIANCE

SURRENDER to truth is a thaw that sets free the freshet of energy. Philosophy affords not mere cold admonition but comforting assurance, supplanting dread and opposition with joyful assent. Where fear froze, love now liberates, and a large ease of mind releases the genial currents of the soul.

Self-imposed are these burdens under which we sink—long ago might we have laid them down. The hope deferred that maketh the heart sick arises from expectations which wisdom would have spared us. Through procrastination problems and difficulties which could be promptly disposed of,

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are put at a compound interest of harassment. It is not our troubles that trouble us, so much as the way we take them. Oh, that men would but come out into the open of truth! then would no false hopes be fostered, as well as all reasonable ones be fulfilled. The universe intends all that happens, and only what happens—we must keep morality true to that compass.

On the side of truth and righteousness fight all developments and events: philosophy calls upon an omnipotent ally and makes success certain. The fundamental optimism is to believe that life bestows its greatest reward upon the highest living of it. Whenever we take counsel of the large view we are unexpectedly fulfilled. Conformance to facts meets with the copious response which nature al-

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ways confers upon obedience to her. Submission overcomes. Admissions strengthen argument, confession earns forgiveness because it is an introspective stock-taking that lets in the truth. Cease cowering: either abandon or boldly avow. External neutrality permits inner development: we have quiet within our own borders when we make peace with the incontrovertible.

By their general aspect are particular ills justified: philosophy heals the personal sore. We are but words and phrases in a total context of things; accidents are incidents of wider inclusion. In the sense of proportion lies salvation: humor restores because it consists in a large way of looking at life—therefore is an attribute of the large-minded. As a lake clarifies its every inflow, so have we but to broaden

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out to be capacious and calm and clear.

The default of the world is a visual flaw; how could God do what he does unless he feels very differently about it? Let us not apply our petty yardstick to what comes off the cosmic counter. By adjusting the lens of vision we see beauty everywhere. The universe is a climate where you have only to draw aside your curtain each morning to find the sure sun shining.

The perceptive not the rich are born with a gold spoon in their mouth: to enjoy everything is a larger fortune than to possess everything. Happiness is an equation: so we be squared with conditions, it matters little how. As ambition lifts us to the upper floors of life, so humility makes the lowly lot accessible and livable. Condescension lets down a portcullis whereon

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privilege may pass to others, but sympathy is a bridge whereon others may cross to us.

No influence is good that does not make us play our part more gladly, and give us a clearer sense of what that part is. In vain is Art unless it teach a more beautiful way of leading our own life. Literature is helpful not when it overlays life with a veneer, concealing the true quality; but when instead it brings out the grain of the wood. All spiritual invigoration comes of a new conception of the commonplace; religion injects a lofty meaning into little things.

Though the struggle and conflict may get a great deal out of a man, submission, docility, insight, comprehension put a great deal in. Easily may persistence and perseverance overstep their sphere, becoming either

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ignorance of immutable laws or in-subordination thereto. There is an insidious transition from the courage of one's convictions to the mere hardihood of eccentricity, or to that apotheosis of self, obstinacy. The large mind is open-minded; but prejudice is fact-proof. When first facts form our theories, the later are simply squared therewith. It is the inherently weak things that are stubborn; the obdurate get credit often for a firmness that was not really theirs. The greater part of progress is avoidance; the path to victory is the power to circumvent. On all sides curve and irregularity testify to concession; seldom is the resultant of natural forces a straight line. Against monotony of road, against artificiality of frontier, the assertive earth interposes its veto. The sole natural isobar is

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the sinuous coast, where earth humbles itself and condescends to the sea.

Only those revolutions succeed that are not in fact revolutions but an outward conformance to already accomplished inner changes. We have but to be pushed by fate to topple over and show what overrated giants we were—or underrated giants we are. Events of consequence take place against the current of opinion and counter to experience because borne along on their own wind of causation. Mute necessity brings things to pass as they must, cutting short our endless discussion and doubt. Toward the transcendently important, our very impotence makes us inattentive: expediency buzzes—the eternally fitting is received in silence.

Reference to the large frees us from the tyranny of the little, as, in the

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Middle Ages, the monarchy rescued from the toils and tolls of feudalism. We cannot become indifferent to the short view until we attain the long; great purpose subordinates the steps. The fitting detail is determined by the total effect; we get the true local color on the palette of the universal. In small things there is no sense of their smallness—it is to the large we must look for proportion. The tragic yet consoling feature of faults is that we are unaware of them when they are ours; loss of time troubles only those who never lose it; until we save, there is no consciousness of waste.

Duty from the individual standpoint becomes desire from the universal. When we take impersonal views we gladden life, and through unselfishness of attitude make hardships easy and heroism simple. There is no dis-

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cipline like experience because it alone brings home to us the ethical sense of solidarity. Every living faith is the result of a compelling *esprit de corps*. The moods come up from the ranks, making good enough corporals; but they should never be commissioned for higher command. All leadership keeps the large touch and the general survey.

“Das Ding an sich” has no existence—relationship is the major part of everything. Scarcely a thought but looks to some other time or place or person. We cannot endure to be set down where we cannot see out: nothing in its parts seems itself, nor in itself the whole of it. Things move us through what they suggest—we like everything that gives out on beautiful ideas. Even material things are enjoyed for their mental vista; the ascetic forego many a lofty joy.

THE LARGE ALLIANCE

But for its reverberative associations, nothing would be itself. The act's very character has reference to its context; each incident involves a memory and a promise. Not eyes but ideas spread for us the ampler skies of existence; the enlargement of our inner world gives the outer a wider significance, and makes us "citizens of a nobler city." Identification of self with the body or even with personality is a severance from, a sacrifice of, most that we are; what actuates us is so different from what actuates our body, that it is hard to see why we are implicated in its decay, death, and departure—an inference that would take account of only what we are least. To miss the overtones is to miss the music. Poetry is to sense the whole situation; all occupations practised from high mo-

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tives are a delight. Works of genius are the mind's great lucid intervals, and are recognized as such by each of us in his own lucid intervals.

The application of broad standards to every-day doings, brushing aside conventional circumstance and rating, lights up life and evinces an Olympian presence. The lofty overlook. As greatness consists in large concern, so the grand manner consists in suppression of trifles; pettiness has unmade many a hero. The world is to him who can subordinate its littlenesses and optimize its ills. How helpful are persons whose opinions are without disproportion, places where conditions are life-size. Though we live close, let us think expansively; men who read large meaning in little things see their higher exposition. We can offset any plebeian estate by

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aristocracy of conduct. What distinguishes the gentleman is that he regards manners as primary. The ship's bearings have reference to its far-off port.

Fundamentals need continuous reaffirmation. Life would cleave to its surface, were it not for its Sundays of summation and review. The world must be held at arm's length for criticism: effect is at a distance. When we lose touch with the times, we gain it with the eternal. If forever engrossed in existence, what shall we know of life? In elder lands the resonance of antiquity mellows all. As men believe in God who are themselves godlike, so do they believe themselves immortal to the extent that they are already so.

Only basic things are intrinsically, therefore enduringly, interesting. The

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detail of existence which the incessant emphasis of petty natures makes so annoying, is in spiritual natures refreshingly subordinated. We are permanently only what we are impersonally—a bitter lesson of sweet comfort. Though life more and more throws us back upon its simples, because its essentials, yet do we more and more prefer them: necessity and desire converge upon the same goal. Age deprives us of little that we had not already abandoned; the things that flee us as life advances are, for the most part, things we had already fled. Though we go silent and solitary, it is of choice. The great permanences have come into sight, leaving their precursors negligible. Those adventitious features of existence that in younger days we set such store by, become as if they were not in com-

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parison with the commonplaces we then disdained. The mitigations of misfortune are the prizes of life.

Against its enlarging background, the circumstance of life dwindles. Intelligence both widens and lessens sympathy. The sense of one's individuality, of his personal appearance, of his very identity comes gradually to be merged in the life about him and to be lost. Don't kill the conceited, only let them live. It is a uniform aggrandizement that the progress of the world confers upon humanity, not a distinctive; men who formerly would have towered like mountain peaks above the plain are now hillocks on a table-land. The quiet shelf of history looks down its commentary upon the feverish ambitions of the day.

Greatness of soul injects its quality into everything it touches, univer-

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salizing the local, immortalizing the moment, making permanent the passing. Lives that imaginatively supplement themselves, rise free from their physical fundament. There are men who, merely following in the day-steps of the year, noting nature with infinite eye, have left a wake of vividness across the centuries. Simply to be a sentient being amid all the forces and activities extant, not selfishly participant but nobly responsive, this is the supreme human privilege and duty.

We may step forth, wheresoever, into the universe and the glory thereof. Stop life at any point, and behold, the objective world of space and form without, the subjective world within, the enigma Time. Over this eternal landscape, ours at will to watch the changeful stars of event rise and set.

IDEALISM

THE tyranny of ulterior purpose tramples time underfoot. Attention is allowed no dalliance.

Everywhere man rushes madly after the train of the next—the loss of a minute vexes him more than the waste of an hour. The world is deafened with the din of its speed, and overspread with the shallowness of its breadth. Who is there to challenge the moment and call it halt? The busy go on and on and come to nothing. What we hurry through is more important than what we hurry to. Is not life already full enough that we should so eagerly await the mail, the morning paper? It is not more things that we need but more in them.

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Amid the broil of incident we no longer know our peace. Men in fundamental sympathy are sundered by trifles: the unison of souls is silenced by the disputatious day.

The sole advantage of experiences is the impression they make; like rains, they do us no good unless they come gradually and sink in. Better few but their full enjoyment; in the blur of event nothing is noticeable. The more friends, the less friendship. Only what is infrequent is deeply felt. Greed forgets that quantity costs quality—size, flavor. Merely in the more thorough taking-in and stowing-away consists often the difference between the slow of understanding and the quick. Life unrealized were as well unled—a display that leaves in the dark when over, a dream without lasting impress.

IDEALISM

Excitement is the condiment of the unperceiving, the need whereof is a sign of inward uneventfulness. Definite interests, practical objects, active pursuits are the stock in trade of such as look life in the effect rather than in the cause: philosophic books appeal to the leaders, fiction to the led. Persons of no imagination would always be having the actual in evidence before them: the eagerness of men to be in touch with the world of what happens is pathetic. The present is but to open the eyes, ears, and senses, and is always easy and restful; while the past and future are abstractions, therefore an effort. To crave incident argues attention's failure to digest: the attentive, however, feed richly on the event and require few—theirs is an insight that spares experience its repetitions and avoids the error

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of seeking the near-by unnecessarily far. Only those who need bolstering up flock where the crowd is.

Let us retain the exquisite wine of life on our tongue, relishing its celestial bouquet, not gulp it grossly down; let us linger over, make larger, longer, fuller the passing minute, the immediate occasion, the present thought. In the scramble, what incidents of delight are lost, what ministrations of joy overlooked and so foregone! Nothing can compensate for what we have missed on the way. There is packed in the smallest detail of existence a wealth of meaning, a tradition of experience. The largeness of life is in content, not in extent—extension only making it the emptier; its increment is to be gained through perception, not through multiplication.

We fix the moment by making it

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vivid. The contemplative are simply those who, perceiving life to be rushing by too fast and unappreciated, would seize hold of it, look it in the face, get from it all it contains. There lives in the passing a permanent element which constitutes the whole significance of existence, and to perceive and perpetuate which is the age-long striving of the artistic. Life lies somewhere between the thought and the living of it: to reality is given the choice of illusion or elusion.

What relief to step from the roaring day into the restful gloom of some cathedral where burns the eternal lamp of continuity and we enter a world devoid of circumstance that lets us forget to-day; a world that knows no age and casts up mine to me no more; whose reminders are universal, therefore human; eternal, therefore

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with ourselves coeval. From the missals of its unspoken mystery is read a sublimity beyond that of lectern or pulpit; in its silence speaks an eloquence unbelittled by words.

Of all the uproar of life, how little is nature's; most of it is man's. Every perfect adjustment is mute: silence is the sound of the eternal. The earth, whirling, revolving, onrushing, is noiseless; the morning stars sing together unheard. Ears do not serve for large acoustics; one cannot hear the great events. By the time we put off the senses, we shall not need them.

The secret of accomplishment is omission. The enlargement of travel is in no small degree due to its eliminations; suppression of the petty is an invitation to its opposite. One must escape the clamor of the material crowd ere he can hear the spiritual

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voice; the heart is a hermit-thrush, singing alone in shade and seclusion. Where separation is impossible, silence and abstraction serve—it would seem as if swarming humanity will in the end make no other privacy possible.

Art is the recognition of great reality. How strange is the disclosure accomplished by portraiture: we are made aware of an unsuspected dignity in man, one that escaped us at all points of actual contact; and our eyes are thereafter opened to perceive the true personality of others, as well as of ourselves. It is painting that makes life picturesque. How much more vivid than prototype or counterpart are the characters and scenes of literature. We reach, the simple and elemental through sophistication; it is a question whether we best find nature in art or in herself.

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The important is always covered over with the leaves of the circumstantial. As Creation was a clothing of the eternal in ephemeral garments, so conversely induction now finds in the ephemeral the eternal. The poet lives the universality of the phenomenon.

Somewhere within this mean, partial world of ours greatness must inhere, else it could not emerge from its whole; however trivial the items of existence, there foots up ever a grand total. The fortuitous outcome of individualism, like that of all natural forces, takes on a beauty comparable with studied composition: out of the haphazard of New York harbor springs a turreted, pinnaced vision of Valhal. Humanity is a chemical combination whose result exceeds the expectation of its parts, disclosing therein unapparent properties. Let us not

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fail to recognize the gods in the temporal and local form they assume. Facts must be heightened by the enthusiasm of art to be true. In to-day's petty presences we confront a coming divinity. Not altogether can the sordidness of man sully his sublimity. Though the hand of the harpist sweeps across mere strings, yet is there celestial music.

To the direct gaze, everything is prosaic; without reminiscence there were no idealism in the world. In the haze of distance is the idyllic scene outspread. Felicity is an after-effect: the selective memory bears witness to the mind's innate optimism. The repetitive methods employed by music and by rhetorical language owe their moving power to the echoes of reminder thereby awakened.

The bygone is by no means the

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past, more often is it more vividly the present. Whatever changes endures; nothing is permanent till remembered. The stars of sentiment hang in the sky of retrospect. Where memory no longer keeps the past alive, the very set in conditions, in bodily structure does; the nerves, the environment are still instinct with a forgotten consciousness. We are disciples to submerged influences, and are moved by what has passed from the mind. Impressions gain their strongest hold after the sense element has been eliminated—then first they live their pure spirituality. *Vita posse priore frui* in not merely *vivere bis* but half the living of it. Only two periods in life ever seem real to us, the recent and the very long ago. The teachings of experience are retrospective, after the circumstantial distraction subsides.

IDEALISM

Men must die ere we see their inherent worth; the world that vilifies the living, deifies the dead.

How spiritually close is the physically remote. Our feet are on earth, but our head is in heaven. It is thought to be a conclusive argument against the intercourse of disembodied spirits with us that their presence consists merely in our thought of them. But in what other wise than spiritually could spirits be discernible or appreciable; in what else but thought, remembrance, dream, influence could the contact consist? The presence of a spirit cannot in its very nature differ from a vivid mindfulness of it—than which no presence is more real. Between physical existences communion is at best communication, but between spiritual it becomes participation.

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Retrospective attributes are the sole lasting ones: the quality of event is according to the trail of memory it leaves. Pain is a moment, regret a lifetime; misconduct is miscalculation. Oh, if we realized how temporary the temporary is, how much less, how much more it would matter. Elation for its sobering, dejection for its cheer, should remember that it cannot tell at the time. Our grimmest foe is despair over our best. Encouragement and discouragement are changelings. The poignancy of pain would be gone did we know its brevity, the lure of sin broken did we know its short wake of delight. The map of memory is drawn on a larger scale than any we live. There were many eventful days preceding and succeeding the heroic one we celebrate, yet now are they all forgotten save only

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this one that saw the moment of supreme resolve, the act of momentous consequence.

We idealize what we lack into something fairer than the reality, so that life often becomes through its deprivations the more beautiful. Emotions are greater than the object of them. How belittling to think the spiritual reverberations of love measurable by the beauty inspiring it. Inward experiences are in character unrelated to their circumstance—therefore soar free and survive: no disillusionment can detract from their own truth. Never for a moment is romance endangered by the dreary ugliness of its material surroundings; but as nature accepts every unsightliness or defacement imposed upon her and by a soft veil of atmosphere harmonizes them to her scene, so does humanity

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suffuse with sentiment any conditions it finds.

Upon the fair face of art, the sorrows and frailties of her mortal ministrants leave no trace. In her is the full health, the unclouded joy of existence. Our growing callousness to the real world goes hand in hand with an increasing sensitiveness to the ideal: in the process of intellectual development, faith and loyalty are transferred from things to ideas, from man to God. In new countries the absence of ancestral homes, the universal impermanence, of abode draws humanity to the deeper-lying continuities; democracies in sheer offset to conditions become idealistic.

By living the ideal we make it real; if we respond to beauty and goodness wheresoever and in whomsoever met, we not only live in paradise ourselves

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but make the world one. Every true man calls out the truth in his fellows; against any largeness in another, all our littlenesses shame themselves. The imaginative have within them such a heaven as makes fact paltry, vulgar pursuits impossible; to follow artistic leadings is with them not an act, an occupation, but an enchanted region, a magic interior-land of the mind.

THE SPECIFIC GRAVITY OF THE SOUL

UNLESS the corner-post of faith is firm, the whole life sags. Discouragement comes more often from evaluation of aims than from their non-attainment; the ennui of satiety rather than disappointed hopes fills with dismay. All goes well with our work till we lose interest in it; no rebuff balks so long as the object continues to seem worth while. It is not from failing strength but from flagging motive that we suddenly break under the long supported burden; we lose the fight because we have first lost heart. The alarming symptom is the failure of life as such to yield joy, the failure of enjoyment to be such

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THE SPECIFIC GRAVITY OF THE SOUL

to us personally. Who so benefits us as he who imbues us with a lively sense of self-value; what conditions are so delightful and developing as those that emphasize it? The disabilities that overtake are disillusionments that quench. More of our physical decline is mental than we dream. The firmament of life is void if there be in it no sympathy-spot, no glowing orb of love. Whenever life falls into confusion and the old order ceases to seem worth while, a crisis in conduct is reached. Safety must defend a more exposed position than itself occupies.

Until we favor the good emotionally, we are unreliable. Principles are not modes of thought but fixed ways of acting, a set in conduct. Habit, whether in the form of inertia or momentum, is equally potent—such

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a rage is fire, yet instantly quenchable for lack of breath. All hard work is heart work, work through which we can see to the end. Cut-and-dried systems are always unfeasible because leaving sentiment out of account. Emotion is human motion; duty never yet did. The man who acts but does not feel is a headless trunk, dead though he move. Dreams, imaginings, associative memories and suggestions—these are the things that animate us: in the ratio that humanity becomes perceptive, heaven enters the world.

Sentiment apprehends the essential meanings. The intellect thinks to have disposed of emotions in dissecting them and in assigning cause and origin; yet the spiritual world which they awaken still remains unexplained, the sway they exercise unshaken.

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THE SPECIFIC GRAVITY OF THE SOUL

Those who feel great emotions inspire them; centres of sentiment are sources of it. Life is centripetal to its women and its interpretive poets.

Our inconsistencies are due to flimsily supported generalizations; facts disprove hasty conclusions and commit us to retreat. No strategy is practical unless it changes with the situation. Infractions of standards come of wavering faith in them; more often is wrong-doing a dissent from code than an avowed breach of it—which explains the sense of justification that inwardly acquits us. Any widespread non-observance of a law proves it a morally dead letter. Until standards are constant, consistency is not tenable. The irregularity of our behavior springs from the irreconcilability of life's conflicting claims upon us—who is there can combine all its various

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demands and fuse them into one feasible whole?

The mind instinctively searches out a point of view from which the mishap, the misstep, will seem of some benefit and therefore bearable; from which it is seen not simply as something to be endured, but as part of a whole that makes the good that its ill wind blows apparent. Such a view is requisite to our courage; we cannot abide waste in the world's economy.

Where we merely suffice we are miserable; classify me, and I am at once declassified. Abilities are glowing coals that under the breath of appreciation and praise burst into flame, but without it ash over into extinction. Our merits flourish not where they are mere matter of course, but acts of supererogation. Exaction snuffs us out.

THE SPECIFIC GRAVITY OF THE SOUL

Our own motion is ascribed to events; when our little cove is still the ocean of life is stagnant. Every man posits a world in keeping with the kind of self he exposes to it. The energetic invariably hold positive views: in the alembic of their minds the general becomes the particular, else they could not live it; on their tongue the infinite becomes definite, else they could not phrase it. We infer the outward prevalence of what we find within.

Existence is a chameleon that takes on the color of our mood. While pessimism is the externalization of some inner impotence, optimism is the buoyancy of conscious power. Cheerfulness merely twirls its thought-tips upward; whereas if any do but sound the pessimistic note, the whole soul stampedes. So reflected back

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upon us from others is our attitude that the world is either in league with or conspiracy against us.

Those cheering days when all goes well with us, those discouraging days when all goes wrong—what are they but our own water-mark? The struggle is not with conditions but with ourselves; self in command of self, conditions come round. We can always supplant the discouragement of event by the cheer of effort. What we can deal with, we can dispose of; as to all else, why worry? Despair springs from self-distrust: not from outer but from inner eclipse do men see black.

POINT OF VIEW

EACH moment is a noon of new observation that reckons from an ever-changing meridian; at every turn we confront an unprecedented situation. What between adjusting ourselves to varying conditions, and conditions to our varying selves, life presents a continuous novelty of need and demand, as well as of interest.

The relationship of surroundings to ourselves alters ceaselessly; some new bearing of old occupations, of accustomed objects, gives them a wholly new aspect. The daily round is not a daily round to the mind. Successive occasion speaks to the audience of an enlarged experience; we move

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among things all our lives familiar, yet find them things forever new. Men long for variety—as if there were anything else! The veriest monotony is but ceaseless change, by reason both of our changeful mood and of life's changeful meaning. Variety is not the spice of life—it is the substance. I cannot eat, sleep, speak, move—and remain the same. Each morning takes me out of my bed a different being. By the time life is through, God only can recognize us. Continuity after death?—there never was any in life; only succession. Heaven be praised if, indeed, this that we are is not continuous, but instead passes on to something fuller, more worthy of continuance.

A new point of view is an epoch-making event. Whatever gives life a new aspect is a crisis in it. Never a

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period of meditation, never a deep spiritual experience but it alters the face of existence. The world undergoes a cataclysm on the least revision of our creed. With growth of knowledge goes supersession of interest; every new philosophy brings changed companionship. As, by daylight, lamps are useless, so any larger illumination of truth extinguishes a host of petty substitutes.

Morning reads so much between the lines that its criticism is unreliable, reflecting its own exuberance rather than the matter's excellence. To the sensitive, a new experience is a revelation. Men turn some sharp corner in development, and, behold, such sunbursts of character as set the world agape! The advent of any fresh capacity causes an entire old world of ambition to wither and to be cast aside.

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Experience like the moon keeps ever turning toward us a new face. Some slight jar of fate—and kaleidoscopically all the factors of life rearrange themselves. Or a hitherto unfelt want appears upon the horizon of our vision, magnetically drawing all our elements into new grouping around it: without its gratification life now seems insupportable, and everything is examined anew with reference to the contributive part it plays to this one end.

Repetition encounters such changed standards that it is impossible from previous reception to foretell the next. Present acts cannot hope for the judgment awarded their prototypes in the past. Those who live on the fixed income of reputation suffer depreciation of principal. The same success must be repeated in another way.

POINT OF VIEW

How many survive their fame though doing nothing to dim it—unless we add thereto, we forfeit it altogether; not to fulfil high expectations is more damaging than to have given rise to none. Prudence and precedent find they have invested in departed glories and superseded customs. The rage of yesterday cannot to-day be restaged.

No condition is comprehensible to another than itself. The fellowships of sorrow are disowned by joy; reviving courage is ashamed of the safeties that danger caused it to adopt. When we take counsel of our fears we bid farewell to the prizes of hope and exclude possibilities. The very insight that affords solace to the sad, brings sadness to the joyful. The comfort of the humble only fills the worldly proud with dismay.

We are Jekyll and Hyde to our

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variations of environment: as day effaces the vividness of night, so every place or person obliterates the associative surrounding of every other. Each country enforces a spiritual accommodation to its conditions which, once made, disaffects us in turn toward all others. The foreign tongue is not another vocabulary but a different point of view.

A new locality is a new deal of life, giving all things to hope. We suffer alternately from fever-for-the-far and homesickness. The foot-free are mentally liberated: change of scene is a turn in the road that makes us feel further off than we are. The physician prescribes not change of air but of atmosphere.

Let us welcome any experience that confers new outlook: every shifting of position introduces to a wider sphere

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and a fuller self. If we could but adjust our demand for variety to life's variety of demand, what union of profitableness and pleasure! By the human requirements are the human qualities developed: to the tides of activity our spiritual phases respond. In the morning we would depart, in the evening return: there is no suppression of the eternal rhythm which seeks now change and adventure, now sameness and the accustomed. And just thereby is life maintained and character expanded. Nature and experience have such an infinite variety as if to assure our complete development.

Periodically must we shift the scenery of our mental stage to conform to the new drama of truth. Unless we make of facts the frequent round, we cannot keep abreast of the

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world, even to the extent required for physical safety. This survey, this review, is vitality's supreme act; becoming finally unable to make it, we slide into the fixed and inflexible opinions of old age. The periodic cycles of depression that occur in the economic world are caused not so much by the economic machinery getting out of order as by new adjustment to conditions being necessary.

How gently and mercifully we come into the places assigned us. The soul accepts without question the sphere of life to which the body commits it. Most things are enjoyable if kept in place—it is only some clash or excess that repels; the unpleasant is at prescribed date convertible into pleasure at par. Happiness and duty coincide, however much conscience refuses to credit its good-fortune. Anything may

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be done in such a way as to dislike it, and nearly everything in such a way as to like it. Whatever does not do our bidding has been grasped wrong; we must drop and take hold of it afresh. There is always a point of view to bring comfort. What yesterdays of disappointment does not each new morning heal!

There is never any good reason to retain what nature wishes to take away; supports fail, but the more solid ground upholds. By beautiful and beneficent adjustment, coincident with deprivation is departure of requirement; we grow independent of props before they are removed, or quickly become so. Not until the shade is no longer welcome do the leafless woods let in the sun. Conditions that induce make desirable. Death itself is release from the cir-

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cumstances that make it seem dreadful. To consciousness in its full strength decline seems abhorrent; but not when it comes. Why then should it seem so now? Why wish continuance where discontinuance is no less agreeable? The mind that accompanies any condition is satisfactory to itself: as that of childhood feels no disability, so that of age. Our future fears are illusions. Even should we go into extinction, where-with shall we be dissatisfied with it? The fallacy of thinking that what would grieve us now will grieve us then, misleads us. At every stage of life there is a relative and proportionate situation that makes us as well off in one as in another. If we could foresee the future, we should judge it by present standards—therefore misjudge it; but fortunately blind,

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we judge it by its own more suitable standards when it comes. To anticipate is always to mispicture and distort; we borrow trouble we shall never need.

Existence itself, however bare it may become, hastens always to our rescue, lifting us out of the rut and mire of grief and setting our feet upon the rock of joy. Though the gladness, the gayety be gone, yet is it still strong to save. The power, the prudence, the wisdom, of years; the calm of patience; the peace of submission; the appropriate response to occasion whatsoever—these contain a *joie de vivre* equal to that of any gratified ambition or desire. Happiness finds ever fresh bases for itself. In the various and successive personal relationships, filial, fraternal, marital, paternal, there is afforded (*mutatis*

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mutandis) an equivalent and not dissimilar joy.

Things change character as we change character. Nothing is finally burned out, but remains ever capable of blazing up into new meaning: sensation has as many lives as a cat. Why bewail our lost youth?—toward new experiences we are ever young. Life has still in store for us phases that hold the zest and freshness of earlier days. Old arguments bring new conviction, and long-neglected duties are performed at last out of newly gained delight in them. Former emotions may be new-wise awakened; no orange of experience is sucked dry. Such is life's rejuvenescence that the poetic and romantic, however dulled we may become to their any one medium of expression, themselves never die down in us nor diminish; but as the law al-

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lows no trust to fail for lack of a trustee so are these continually re-embodied and repersonified. Heaven still opens when the right voice vibrates; the rock still gushes when the prophet speaks.

The past ceases to be regrettable as we recognize the complete adequacy of its substitutes. Youth proves but a kindling to light the logs of character. Behind dulling senses, the mind grows acute. O youth, thou priceless possession! O age, thou far exceeding recompense! Only that which by living through we have appropriated do we really possess: not only can we eat our cake and have it—we must do so in order to have it. The young are not yet youthful.

Life is too full of opportunity to leave room for regret. Not what might have been is relevant, but what

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may still be. There comes no age, lot, or situation where if we but conform to its requirement we may not gather a felicity equal to any we have foregone. Of how many different kinds is happiness! Though we find it not here, not there, no need to despair. For every masculinity of trait there is femininity of requital. Opportunity itself is not foreclosed, however many opportunities are defaulted. In new guise and with other counters a like recompense is yet forthcoming; we get the same penny at the eleventh hour.

Existence is richer than we thought and, however much wealth transience may already have taken out, still contains inexhaustible ore. Every new enjoyment reveals the infinitude of joy. Time's heyday is continuing. We are like gardens that by bearing the season's consecutive flowers never

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fade. Death is not a spiritual but a bodily phenomenon, wherein the mind is but a looker-on. Doubt alone sets a term to continuance—nature has never yet uttered the denial of our hopes. Not *memento mori*, but *memento vivere*. Let us accost the Cæsar of fate on this wise: We who are about to live, we who are never to die, salute thee!

